

## MNOEY TALKS AS BIG WAREHOUSES JUMP INTO BEING

Rival Engineer Companies  
Get Structures Up in  
Record Time

### 8½ HOURS SEES JOB DONE

Mess Shack Banquet of Roast Pig  
Winds Up Competition That  
Judges Decide Is Tie

A few days ago two companies of different construction engineering organizations stationed at Giverny decided that they would break up the endless S.O.S. monotony by pitting their respective building methods one against the other.

Here is how it happened: Sergeant Kenney, of Company C, — Engrs., and Sergeant Douglas, Company C, — Engrs., got to arguing about the many virtues of their own outfits as builders. Of course, money talks just as much in the S.O.S. as it does up in the dugouts, or in a base port, crap game, so the very natural result of the aforesaid slight altercation was a 200-franc wager, each sergeant betting that his outfit could build a warehouse faster than the other.

Both companies got busy immediately. Sixty-two men (that means Americans and not Chinese or other Mongolians) of each organization began work on a type C warehouse at 3 o'clock one afternoon and performed unheard of feats in construction. To those who have never been introduced to a type C warehouse, it might be well to reveal the mystery before going on. This building is 294 feet long, 50 feet wide, has 21 bays in it, is roofed and the ends closed in with corrugated iron plates, every one of which must be nailed to the rafters.

At 6 o'clock of the first day each outfit had finished about eight bays.

### Something Doing Every Minute

During the night Sergeant Kenney worked out on paper every construction detail so that every available man would be employed every minute the following day. Besides this, the sergeant whispered about that there was a splendid opportunity to increase the much depleted finances of the company while defending its honor and skill, and forthwith a night game was raised.

Next morning he presented himself and 1,524 francs to Sergeant Douglas, urging the latter to cover said amount with good money. I don't know just exactly why, but the additional "beaucoup francs" were left uncovered.

The ship builders over in the States or the magicians of India have nothing to brag about when the latter have cleared the ground for a record. Never before in the annals of the S.O.S. have buildings taken form so speedily as did those under the hammers and saws of these two betting companies. There was a constant stream of uprights, rafters, and corrugated iron going into the building, and the noise from the roofs sounded like a veritable bedlam.

At 11:30 of the second day Sergeant Douglas's company seemed to be a few days in the lead, and the work was about three-quarters finished. I don't believe that either company ate much chow at their midnight mess; they were full of excitement and plans for those 200 francs.

### Warehouses Jump Into Place

At 1:30 both gangs were at it again with increased vigor; the warehouses just seemed to call themselves together and stand up.

At 2:45 Sergeant Kenney's company had overtaken the other and seemed if anything to have a little edge on the latter. We'll admit that killing Germans does become exciting at times, but it can't have much on slapping wood and iron together under betting pressure. Those old corrugated iron plates didn't have a chance to cause trouble; they were nailed down without a rasp.

At 2:55 both buildings were about completed and scores of men began to scramble off the roof. It was impossible to tell who was ahead. One man was so excited that he couldn't move off his ladder when the whistle blew. Every man in his company knew that his bunch had won a bet, but the finish was so close that even the neutral official judges were unable to declare a winner.

In just eight and a half working hours 124 men had constructed two warehouses 294 feet long.

In order to show each their appreciation of the other, the contending companies pulled off a big banquet in the mess shack, their betting ardor being subdued by roast pig and other delicacies.

It is our sad duty to announce that the above story, betting and all, was written by a chaplain. Thanks, Chaplain.—Editor.

## 400 LIBERTY MOTORS TURNED OUT IN JULY

Orders for 50,000 Placed,

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The Dayton airplane works has celebrated the completion of its thousandth biplane.

John D. Ryan, Federal director of aircraft production, announces that orders have been placed for 50,000 Liberty motors.

He says that four hundred Liberty motors were turned out in July; he estimates that the month's production will be five hundred, and says that the peak of production will be reached in November or December.

Mr. Ryan further announces that the United States is now producing giant airplanes equipped with four Liberty type motors.

## AMERICA'S FOOD CHIEF TO THE A.E.F.



Signal Corps photo taken in French munitions plant from having to enter upon these terrible enterprises for another hundred years.

It is impossible to express the great wave of pride that has crossed the United States upon the proof that our boys at their first and every brush have measured up to the highly experienced Hun.

It's a full sized and red blooded man's job. It represents the ultimate sacrifice that the nation can call for.

All of our sacrifices and exertions at home look small before the vision of what the nation has demanded of our boys here.

Such as these sacrifices at home are—money, work or food—we are resolved to make in overflowing measure to every demand that General Pershing and this the greatest Army of our history makes upon us, for we have but one purpose.

This the greatest military effort in our history must lack nothing in the delivery of the final blow that will release our country from these terrible enterprises for another hundred years.

(Signed) HERBERT C. HOOVER.

## SPECIAL EDITION OF ARMY'S PAPER TO ALL HOSPITALS

Red Cross and Stars and  
Stripes Will Divide  
Expense

### GIFT IS FROM WHOLE A.E.F.

One Copy to Every Three Cots for  
Sick and Wounded—Colonel  
Must Wait

Beginning with this, the issue of August 16, there will be printed each week a special edition of THE STARS AND STRIPES for distribution among our sick and wounded in hospital. It will differ from the regular edition in one respect only. There will be no charge.

The cost of this special edition will be divided equally by THE STARS AND STRIPES and the American Red Cross. The scarcity of white paper has compelled us to limit the circulation to one man in every three. Only one-third of a regiment or other outfit may subscribe, and for the present only one out of every three hospital beds can have its STARS AND STRIPES.

The distribution to our own hospitals will be fairly simple, and as soon as the system has been perfected, the Red Cross will endeavor to see that it reaches also those of us who lie wounded in the hospitals of our Allies.

### Gift from All A.E.F.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is not only written by, for and about the American soldier. It belongs to the American soldier. He owns it and its profits are his. To our soldiers, then, who are sick and wounded, this edition is a gift and a greeting from all their brothers in the A.E.F.

The staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES cares more—a great deal more—about its hospital edition than about any other project it has launched, or thought of. Though a charge is, and always will be, made for the regular edition, on the theory that no hand-out newspaper is ever respected, the hospital edition will be distributed without charge in the belief that every wounded American soldier should have all that's coming to him—and a little bit more.

Its prompt circulation is a matter of special concern. The staff will welcome and act upon notification of any undue or chronic delay. It will welcome and act upon any case where a copy of the hospital edition has reached the ward second hand. This edition is for the sick and wounded, and for no others.

Chance for the Colonel

All the others of the multitudinous hospital personnel—surgeons, nurses, orderlies, attendants—are at liberty to subscribe to the regular edition or may read the hospital edition when those for whom it is printed have finished. The colonel who commands the hospital may peruse the copy intended for his private with his leg shot off—when the private is through with it.

We ask the colonel, we ask every man and woman at work in the hospitals, to help us by seeing that when the gift edition arrives each week, not a needless minute is lost in distributing every copy of it to those to whom it belongs—the Yankee sick and wounded.

## GIANT CRANES NOW UNLOAD OUR SHIPS

Most Modern Cargo Handling  
Machinery Used  
at A.E.F. Bases

The most modern cargo handling machinery in the world is being installed on the docks at the American base ports to facilitate the work of the stevedores in their 24 hour a day grind to keep up with the vast volume of war supplies flowing uninterruptedly from the United States. Locomotive cranes, operating from tracks paralleling the ship berths, and the regular unloading machinery of the ships, are being supplemented with heavy hoist cranes of a much greater capacity.

The new cranes are an American product. They operate from the top of a steel arch which spans the railroad track along the docks and can lift freight direct from the hold to the cars. They also—without having the obvious advantage—can, in one operation, move freight from a ship's hold a distance of 70 feet or more to the doors of the warehouses on the shore side.

The overhead cranes already in use were erected by American Engineers, and the dispatch with which the job was accomplished is indicated by the fact that the ship which brought the first was herself discharged by them upon her next arrival in France after a quick voyage to America and return.

## ALLIED TRIUMPH GREATEST SINCE BATTLE OF MARNE

Month Sees Initiative Taken  
from Hun in Two  
Offensives

### PRISONERS TOTAL 70,000

Over 1300 Cannon, Thousands of  
Machine Guns, Millions of  
Shells Captured

While the armies of the German Crown Prince were engaged in a furious struggle for the Vesle River, to which they had been driven back after three weeks of bitter fighting, the Allies, with dramatic suddenness, struck in quite another sector a blow stunning in its force and rich in results. That was the offensive launched under Sir Douglas Haig in the misty dawn of August 8 on the Aisne front—launched with English, French, Australian, Canadian and American troops.

Again the successfully secret preparations, again the advance of the infantry, led by the available army of light tanks which have been the most striking feature of the Allied offensive method as revealed this summer. Again the Germans caught napping and swept off their feet, as the immediate toll of captured men and material testified.

By this second blow, imperilled Aisne and its vital railroad junction saved, while Montdidier, pocketed at Chateau-Thierry had been, was retaken, together with a large portion of the land that had been overrun by the Germans in March.

By the fourth day, the advance, now stubbornly resisted, focused on the important Lassigny tableland southeast of Montdidier. In less than a week, Sir Douglas Haig had retaken about half as much soil as was regained in the wiping out of the Chateau-Thierry salient, and sent back 25,000 prisoners, including eight regimental commanders, and captured material that included 600 guns, thousands of machine guns, huge engineering and supply stores and three complete trains.

### Vast Toll of Prisoners

Yesterday—August 15—the Allies could look back on the happiest month they had known since the First Battle of the Marne. The month had been precipitated fully only when it is recognized as one of the most complete military reversals in history, the month that saw Marshal Foch snatch the initiative in a gigantic battle that not he, but his enemy, launched in the hope and intent of putting his business.

The month saw by far the heavier casualties suffered by the side which, in view of American reinforcements arriving at the rate of 75,000 a week, could least afford them.

The captured in prisoners alone exceeds 70,000 of whom more than 1,500 were officers. One unofficial but usually accurate authority puts the figures at 3,000. The captured in big guns exceeds 1,300, the machine guns brought in are counted by thousands and the shells by millions, with no one knows how many millions destroyed by the retreat.

By means negligible is the recaptured harvest, the well planted acres where now already French reapers are happily at work.

The foregoing recapitulation, the knowledge that the Germans have been obliged to engage more than 130 divisions of putting July 15 the reported identification among the forces hurled to the Somme of one Austrian outfit, some troops borrowed from Alsace and the poor Crown Prince and many cherished reserve divisions intended for quite different work—all these evidences suggest how seriously the German offensive power has been impaired in one short month of the decisive year.

## JULY LAUNCHINGS EQUAL USUAL YEAR'S

Total of 123 Ships Put in  
Water, or 630,000 Dead  
Weight Tons

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—More ships were launched in the United States in July than ever before in an entire year. The total put in the water was 123 ships of 630,000 dead weight tons.

Sixty-seven of these ships were of steel, 53 were of wood and three of composite construction. Twelve steel and four wooden ships of a total tonnage of 80,000 were launched during the last four days of the month.

Between January 1 and August 1, American shipyards launched 1,719,536 tons of shipping.

## KING PINS MEDALS ON YANKEE HEROES OF JULY 4 BATTLE

British Ruler Also Honors  
Chiefs of A.E.F. in His-  
toric Chateau

### WOUNDED ARE DECORATED

"He's a Fine Scout, a Regular  
Guy, but Where's His Crown?"  
Asks Private in Hospital

In one of the historic chateaux of France, within sound of the heavy guns, His Majesty, King George of England, on Monday morning gave in person the first British decorations to American generals and American troops ever bestowed in person by a British ruler.

The King pinned upon General Pershing the Order of the Bath, and following this ceremony, he pinned upon General Tasker H. Bliss the Order of St. Michael. He also decorated in war 19 officers and enlisted men of the A.E.F. for distinguished conduct under fire on July 4, when American and Australian troops carried the village of Hamel.

The decorations given the American fighting men are the Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Military Medal and the Military Cross.

The entire ceremony was one of the most impressive in the history of the American arms. The great room in which General Pershing and General Bliss were decorated in itself carries a story. The room, nearly 30 years of age and of distinguished French ancestry, clung to her chateau even when the invader threatened some time ago to break through the protecting line near by, and even when she offered it for use as an American headquarters, there was one beautiful room on the ground floor which she locked and would yield to no one.

### Room Opened to Sovereign

It was only when the King of England came that way to decorate the Americans that the door was thrown wide. She gracefully insisted that in that room the ceremony be performed.

In a large semi-circle were grouped American and British staff officers, and an American major general and his staff. Following the presentation of the two orders, the King, who had been warmly congratulating them upon the fine work of the American Army in France. For the presentation of the D.C.M., M.M. and M.C., the American troops were drawn up outside the chateau for review, and while American and British bands played the national airs of the two countries, the King made his awards. As he planned the decoration upon each breast he offered his felicitations for the bravery and distinguished service under fire that had brought about such rewards.

Even the strict adherence to attention had been broken by more than the Yankee in the broad smile of pleasure that insisted upon making its appearance as a medal found its resting place upon his khaki-covered breast.

But not all awarded medals were able

Continued on Page 3

## NO MORE VOLUNTEERS UNTIL BILL IS PASSED

Draft Changes to Increase  
Government's Work or  
Fight Power

By J. W. MULLER,  
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS  
AND STRIPES.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The War Department has suspended all further volunteering and also the acceptance of any more candidates from civil life for officers' training camps.

The suspension will remain in force until the draft legislation before Congress is disposed of and suitable regulations drawn up to cover the operation of the selective system under the new law. This will prevent any disruption of industry, which might otherwise be caused by the voluntary enlistment of men up to 45.

The Government's initiative for the selective system is to be maintained in a largely decreased measure.

On August 8 the Provost Marshal General called to the colors 130,000 draft registrants, bringing the number called out in August to about 300,000.

Everybody is behind the new draft legislation and every and any other measure looking toward an army without limit.

There is no fear that your successors will suggest to anybody at home to sit down and let George do it over there. It is as sure as shooting that if the Government were to propose drafting everybody from short punts up to 90 we would all stand for it with cheers, and skirts would demand legislation.

My personal opinion is that if the war lasts, our nation actually will of itself urge universal service for any and every purpose that will help to win. The spirit of the country is extraordinarily quiet and restrained, but all the more mightily in earnest and determined.

### WAR AUTOS ONLY NOW

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The War Industries Board strongly counsels all manufacturers of passenger automobiles to get themselves on a hundred per cent war work basis as quickly as possible, and not later than January 1.

The manufacturers had already voluntarily agreed to curtail the production of passenger cars 50 per cent, but the board tells them that they must go the limit.

## ANKSY JUST OVER BEAT BACK HUNS NORTH OF SOMME

Chicagoans Get Look In on  
Smashing Attack on  
Amiens Salient

### PRISONERS BY HUNDREDS

Americans Battling Between  
Australians and British Show  
Marne Men's Spirit

Towards evening of its second day, American soldiers entered the great battle which Sir Douglas Haig launched on the morning of August 8.

Their share was small considering the length of a line stretching from the River Aisne nearly to the Forest of Compiègne. It was small compared with the force the American Army contributed to the blow which wiped the Chateau-Thierry salient off the German war-map.

But, within 24 hours, this Yankee contingent, fighting alone in the South and advancing the line at one point to a depth of more than four kilometers, captured many machine guns at the business end of the bayonet, sent back several hundred prisoners to the pen and won generous praise from those looking on from high places in the British Army.

For the most part the Americans won this attack came from Chicago. They did the Windy City proud.

### Lauded Decoration Day

They were newcomers to the A.E.F., these young soldiers who jumped into the thick of the fighting on the Somme. Or at least they seem like newcomers to the veterans, for it was no longer ago than Memorial Day that they landed in France. To those who came over in the first transports and knew all the monotony of waiting around through a long French fall and winter, it seems a wonderful thing to have shared in a great battle within little more than two months after reaching France.

It was soldiers of this same group, moreover, who celebrated July 4 by helping the Australians take the village of Amiens. Even as the fight on the Somme was on and an angry floc counter-attack was being resisted, some of the Americans who had had a hand in the Hamel business were being decorated for it by the British just behind the lines.

Just last Friday afternoon that the Germans found that the troops coming at them were American troops, with results which the British communiqué reported next morning in these words:

"In the evening, English and American troops attacked in the angle between the Somme and the Aisne and pushed the line forward through the night. All the objectives had been taken, including the village of Morlancourt and the heights to the southeast of it."

### In the British Communiqué

The Americans went into the attack with British on their left and Australians on their right. They went on to a battlefield as different as night and day from the beautiful, little mutilated countryside over which the Allies advanced in their march from the Marne to the Aisne. That newly redeemed region seems a very Garden of Eden compared to such a blasted heath as the Valley of the Somme.

The American part of the battlefield was small when measured in acres, but big enough in difficulties, for where they went in the Somme twists and coils like a snake, and the line was a succession of bleak crests and perilous valleys, and the Germans knew by heart and had down thick with a crop of machine guns.

The Yanks in this fight relieved a British unit. No tanks ambled ahead of them, and the line was not cleared by a 20-minute British barrage of beautiful precision, and they went on their way light-heartedly because they could see with their own admiring eyes how completely the British were masters of the air in that sector.

But a 20-minute barrage will clean out the machine guns from a country side as infested as were the barren slopes that stretch between Morlancourt and Chilly. These meant fighting every step of the way, so that the objectives could not be reached until dawn of the next day.

### After the Human Hornets' Nests

While the big German guns were churning up the parched earth all around them, the Yankees went after them in human hornets' nests, warily surrounding them by one, silencing and seizing the guns and capturing the gunners—or killing them outright, some times by rifle fire, more often by bayoneting them to death.

You do not take many prisoners when the business of the day is the snuffing out of such nests as these, but the Americans made one tidy haul of captives when a German company, 120 strong, came hurrying forward to flank the Yanks, were detected in their plan attacked straightway with many loud and head-onish war cries, surrounded in the end and taken prisoner in a startled body.

Those who saw the Americans fight their way from Chateau-Thierry to the Vesle saw between the Somme and the Aisne the glow of the same spirit.

They saw it in the grand rush the men made to reach the line. The hour was 3:30 p.m., and as their orders reached them late, the American troops summoned into the battle had to double time across country, had to run like the devil up hill and down dale to get there in time. They arrived flushed, breathless, dripping with sweat, but the colonel who, amid falling shells that knocked him down and splattered him with dirt, took his men all the way forward and placed them in line for the advance. It was in the procession of wounded who were carried back past the four foot ditch that saved for a time as regimental headquarters. Few of them were so badly hurt that they did not have a little strength left to call out as they passed their chief a heart-warming, never-say-die message of some sort.

## GENERAL PERSHING



Taken just after he had received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor

## FIRST ARMY, A.E.F., IS NOW IN FIELD

Gen. Pershing in Command,  
2,500,000 Yanks Here  
by End of Year

The First Army, American Expeditionary Forces, is formed and in the field. The announcement, made during the week, represents the most important step in the organization of the A.E.F. which has been taken in its year and a quarter of existence.

General Pershing has taken direct command of the First Army. This command will be in addition to his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the whole A.E.F. The corps commanders announced to date are Major Generals Liggett, Bullard, Bundy, Reed and Wright.

The divisions composing the army corps, which in turn compose the First Army, have undergone preliminary training and seen active service in sectors which were not exactly quiet.

The announcement of the First Army's formation came on the same day that the Senate Military Affairs Committee was informed that a million and a half American soldiers were now actually in France, and that the War Department expected to continue sending troops at the rate of 250,000 a month to the end of the year. This means that more than 2,500,000 American soldiers should be in France on or soon after December 31, 1918.

## ANCIENT TINWARE GARMENTS NO JOKE

Art Experts Declare Medi-  
eval Armor Has Good  
Points Even Now

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Metropolitan Museum art experts who have been studying ancient armor report they have found that modern tinlize suits may be quite effective in preserving American health in the foreign climate that he Germans try to spoil with their reckless use of projectiles.

They say that old armor is not such a joke against modern bullets as hastily theorists had supposed.

The style book is not yet out, so we cannot tell you just what manner of steel coats and pants you may ultimately wear. Perhaps your uniforms in the future will be tailored by the United States Steel Company or by the Ford Motor Co., and instead of washing your underwear, you will merely oil to prevent rust.

### PARK ROW GUARD HOUSE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Three hundred picked men from Fort Niagara are stationed at a United States guard new Park Row, New York City, for the purpose of rounding up all A.W.O.L.s and civilian slackers.

A hospitable guard house waits with a wide smile and the tenebrous house in the neighborhood of Five Points look down on machine guns and other emergency business equipment of Uncle Sam.

However, we are pretty good nephews these days and are not wearing Uncle out keeping us in order. There are astonishingly few slackers.

## EVERYONE IN A.E.F. TO HAVE PAY BOOK; NO MORE WAITING

New System, Already Ap-  
proved, to Become Ef-  
fective October 1

### CARES FOR MEN ON LEAVE

Provision Made for Handing Out  
Money Due for Fraction of  
Month If Step Seems  
Advisable

Every man in the A.E.F. will carry an individual pay book after October 1 when the new pay system worked out by the Q.M.C. and approved by G.H.Q. and the Controller of the Treasury, goes into effect. This pay book will have virtually the facility of a bank book in enabling men to collect promptly the money which accrues to them in the service of the United States.

It will make possible the collection on, or very soon after, the first of each month, of pay in full to the last day of the preceding month by all men not actually on the firing line, and the collection of pay to the last day of the preceding month by all soldiers as soon as they return to billets from the front. In addition, it provides for the special benefit of line troops, for the collection of pay to date, including the fractional portion of the month in which the payment is made, by soldiers arriving in leave areas.

This latter is the most radical of the changes made in the pay system. It is the first time that provision has been made for the payment of men for the fractional portion of a month since Uncle Sam's paymasters have been doing business in the Army. It is designed solely to insure soldiers arriving in leave areas against being broke during their leave.

### Supplied on Requisition

The pay book is a little 12-page volume, four inches by five, bound in a pliable black paper and linen cover. It contains the names and ranks of officers' identification cards, and is printed in an oil finish, water-proof paper envelope.

It will be issued with the admonition that it be zealously guarded and preserved. In view of the fact that the promptness with which a soldier is paid is one of the most important factors in his morale, it is not thought that this order will need much official emphasis.

General Order 126, authorizing the pay book and setting forth the rules for its use, provides that the books will be supplied to organizations upon the requisition of the commanding officer, commanders and instructs the commanders to prepare requisitions immediately upon receipt of the order showing the strength of their command.

Every man present in the organization will be supplied with one, and the books will be opened as of October 1, 1918. Camp three and other camps remaining will be returned to the Chief Quartermaster's office by courier or registered mail.

### Soldiers Minus Service Records

Soldiers arriving from the States will be supplied with the books after they land. They will be paid on payrolls all money due them, including the month of departure from the States, and the book will be opened as of the first day of the succeeding month.

Some argue that service records will be supplied with a book in which will be entered such data as the soldiers themselves can supply.

Such a soldier will be presumed, for the purpose of opening his account with the Q.M., to be a private serving in his first enlistment period, and he will be presumed to have a completed census statement of \$15. His name and organization will be taken from his identification tag and his word will be taken as to his age and the number and size of any voluntary allotments he may be carrying, including deductions for premiums on war risk insurance.

He then will be paid the difference between the amount of these deductions and private's pay which, it is calculated, will keep poverty from his door until the receipt of complete data as to his exact pay status makes possible a complete settlement.

### Little Change for Some

Insofar as soldiers permanently included in S.O.S. and other organizations available to a disbursing quartermaster at payday time are concerned, the new system will work little change. The pay book will be kept up to date and entries scrupulously made. But the payrolls will be made up from the usual data in the usual manner and payday will come around as heretofore, soon after the first of the month.

It is when such a soldier suddenly departs on detached service, goes to a hospital, becomes a casual, or for any other reason, finds himself at payday time away from his original unit, that his pay book will prove its value. Then, service record or no service record, he will be paid just the same. If he lands in a strange hospital, detached on casual duty, or in a hospital, his pay book, he has but to present his pay book to the commanding officer to be included on the payroll for that month.

Particularly valuable will this system be in hospitals and casual camps where the new system will work little change. For there, indeed, soldier arrivals may be taken from the pay book without consulting other personal records.

But it is to the line units, frequently unable to prepare payrolls with regularity, and to the members of line units coming on leave without seeing the paymaster, that the greater benefit will come.

By the new system, the units unable to do so earlier may prepare payrolls at any period during the month and they will receive their pay to include the last day of the preceding month. For their unpaid soldier arrivals in a leave area it is even better. He may be paid, if the commanding officer of the leave area deems it to his best interests and welfare, not only to include the last preceding month, but also up to

and including the day of the current month upon which the payroll is actually made out, the only proviso for this fractional pay being that the deduction of allotments and other charges will be made for the full month.

For example, a man who hasn't seen the staking ghost for six or seven weeks, arrives in a leave area, say, on the 23rd day of the month. He is, if the commanding officer is willing, included on a payroll which covers the period of the whole of the preceding month and the first 23 days of the current month, minus all his deductions in full for two months.

#### How It Works Out

He has, say, a voluntary allotment of \$10 per month and a war risk insurance premium of \$3. He receives for the first month \$20, the difference between a full month's pay and the amount of his deductions, and, for the fractional part of the second month, \$12.30, the difference between his pay for 23 days and the amount of his deductions for a full month.

In the case of men going from the front to the hospital, the Medical Corps will assist in keeping the soldier and his pay book together. The personnel of dressing stations and field hospitals is to be instructed to this effect.

Between now and October 1 soldiers in hospitals will be paid on service records as in the past. In the event that a man's service record does not arrive at the hospital within a reasonable time after he does, the commanding officer of the hospital will write to the Central Records Office, A.P.O. 717, the gathering place of all army service records, for it.

#### Just Fits the Pocket

The "Soldier's Individual Pay Record Book," to give it its full name, is a 12 page booklet, not quite four by five inches in size, in a waterproof cover and enclosed in an oil paper envelope on which the holder's name, number and organization are to be written. Book and envelope will fit neatly into the shirt pocket or the breast pocket of the blouse.

This book, it is stated on the first page, "will be carried by the soldier in his personal possession."

"No alterations of any kind will be made in this book. Necessary corrections of erroneous entries will be effected by making a new entry properly authenticated."

It is made the duty of all members of the A.E.F. finding an individual pay record book to mail same to the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F.

#### All About You

Page 1 contains the following blank form:

Soldier's No. ....  
Name .....  
Grade and Organization .....  
Occupation .....  
Entered service:  
From N.G. by draft, Aug. 5, 17, (Yes or No) .....  
Place of rendezvous .....  
By draft in National Army, date .....  
Place of reporting .....  
By enlistment in Reg. Army, date .....  
Place of acceptance .....  
Date of opening pay book .....  
Date of arrival in U.S. from F.S. ....  
Year and date of birth .....  
Date of application for W.R. Ins. ....  
Amount of War Risk Insurance \$ .....  
Serving in ..... enlistment period .....  
Additional pay for .....  
(Order No. source date) .....

#### How Much Is Due

Pages 2 and 3 are the nub of the whole book. On these two pages the soldier's pay is computed with allotments, War Risk Insurance premiums and other deductions; so that the paying officer can tell at a glance how much is due the man. The soldier will sign this form, and his C.O. will witness it and certify that the entries are correct.

Pages 4 to 8 inclusive are for the record of the Q.M.C. officer making payment. The entries, however, will be made by the commanding officer of the unit paid. He states merely the date to which the man was paid, the date on which he was paid, and the name of the Q.M.C. officer making the payment. The remaining pages are devoted to the instructions for the book's use.

If a soldier loses his pay book, he must immediately report the fact to his C.O., who will secure another through the Chief Q.M. and enter the fact of the loss on the soldier's service record.

New pay books will be issued when the old ones are filled up, defaced, illegible or unusable from any cause, and the old books will then be filed with the service records.

## ALLOTMENT SAFE IF FOE TAKES OFFICER

Payments Still Go to Wife; Insurance Will Also Hold Good

The wife of a commissioned officer of the A.E.F. held prisoner in Germany will be paid the amount he has allotted her as long as he remains a prisoner, and the premiums on his war risk insurance will also be paid, according to a cablegram from the War Department received at the office of the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F.

Enlisted men who are made prisoner have already been entitled to their pay during captivity, as stated in the Manual for the Quartermaster Corps, even though their term of service may expire while they are still held by the enemy. Allotments, also, shall continue, even though they may have expired subsequent to the soldier's capture, unless otherwise ordered by the Secretary of War.

The new ruling affecting officers is based on a case which has already occurred. An officer who had not made an allotment to his wife was taken prisoner. He had also made no arrangement for the payment of his W.R.I. premium. The arrangement for the payment of the allotment to his wife and payment of insurance premium was made by the office of the Chief Q.M., A.E.F., in compliance with a letter which the officer wrote from a prison camp in Germany.

Payment cannot, of course, be made to the prisoners themselves direct in any case.

## PACKING PLANTS MAY YET BE RUN BY GOVERNMENT

Step Urged by Trade Commission After Investigation of Industry

### GRAVE CHARGES BROUGHT

Big Companies Accused of Attempt to Monopolize Distribution of World's Food Supply

BY J. W. MULLER  
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)  
AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The most important domestic event this past week not directly connected with the war was the making public by the President of the Federal Trade Commission report, in his hands since July 3, recommending that the Government commander and operate for the public benefit all the instrumentalities of the meat packing industry.

The report was made public without any intimation of the action contemplated by the Administration. The report makes charges against the Armour, Morris, Wilson, Swift and Cudahy companies which go far beyond even the grave charges made in the recent profiteering report laid before the Senate.

It is charged that the packers aimed to monopolize distribution of the food supply, not only of the United States but of all countries producing food surplus, and "to extort excessive profits from the people not only of the United States but of a large part of the world," and that toward this end they employed practically every tried method of unfair competition known, "and invented certain new and ruthless methods to crush weaker concerns."

#### Illegal Methods Cited

Among the methods cited in the report are the creation of bogus independent, local price discrimination, short weighing, acquiring stock in competing companies, shutting competitors out of live stock markets, employing lobbyists, electing favorable candidates and defeating others, controlling tax officials, and attempting "to bias public opinion by control of editorial policy through advertising, loans and subsidies and by the publication at large expense of false and misleading statements."

The commission also charges that the packers "induced in a propaganda campaign to discredit Francis J. Heney, former for the commission in its investigation of the meat industry, to meet deliberate falsification of returns properly required under legal authority. The report also refers to schools of witnesses to coach employees, the destruction of letters and documents vital to the investigation, and a conspiracy for answers to lawful inquiries of the commission."

#### More Than Meat Involved

The report charges further that three of the most powerful banking groups in the country are involved in an elaborate and intricate organization for a vast monopoly, and that the combination among the "big five" is not a casual agreement, but a definite and positive conspiracy to regulate the purchase of live stock and control the price of meat. Meat substitutes, butter, cheese, canned fruits, rice and other food stuffs also come under the monopoly, according to the commission.

The report says: "The packers, in recent public advertisements, have striven to create the impression that they have grown to their present size solely as a result of efficiency, and that improper and illegal methods are merely incidental; but the conclusion is that they have attained their dominant position primarily as the result of unfair practices and illegal methods."

The commission discredits the packers' claims of superior efficiency, and recommends that the Government acquire through the federal railroad administration all rolling stock for the transportation of meat animals and declare such ownership a Government monopoly. The "big five" are said now to own 93 per cent of all kinds of cars used by interstate slaughterhouses, and 91 per cent of all refrigerator cars for meat transport.

#### Would Acquire Stockyards

The commission further recommends that the Government acquire through the railroad administration the principal and necessary stockyards to use as freight depots and operate them to insure open competitive markets with a uniform scale of charges, and that the Government acquire such branch houses, cold storage plants and warehouses as are necessary for the competitive marketing and storage of food in the principal centers of distribution and consumption.

The packers deny the charges and publish big newspaper advertisements, saying: "The packers' profits look big when the Federal Trade Commission reports that four of them earned \$140,000,000 during three war years. The packers' profits look small when it is explained that this profit was earned on total sales of more than four and one-half billion dollars, which means only about three cents' profit on each dollar of sales."

#### Rebates Also Charged

Two days before the publication of this report, the New York Federal Grand Jury returned two indictments against the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Armour, Swift and Jersey City stockyard companies, charging rebates during the past five years amounting to about \$700,000.

The Federal district attorney says that the action aims to give the Director General of Railroads a court ruling enabling him to break railroad leases over the entire country with elevator companies, storage houses, and pier and terminal organizations, leases which had the practical result of giving large shipper reductions on freight.

These actions were all taken by appointed officials on their own initiative, and without requiring public agitation or pressure of public opinion. It is regarded as a splendid proof of the national morale, because it is convincing evidence that the national machinery functions efficiently and unfalteringly, against even the most powerful interests.

Rarely have more courageous, frank and uncompromising Government findings appeared than in this report and the previous profiteering reports to the Senate. You who fight for us in France may have unwavering confidence that we at home are going to keep house clean, and that no interest shall thrive wrongfully on your sacrifices.

## PAIR OF PLATOONS SEIZE VESLE CREST

Two Non-Coms Conduct Advance That Holds Ground Won

### MILE AHEAD OF BATTALION

Enemy Barrage Cuts Infantry Off and Gas Shells Make Evenings Busy Ones

How two Yankee platoons, officered only by two infantry non-coms and advancing a mile ahead of their battalion, seized a crest overlooking the Vesle and held it alone for two days and two nights—that is the story of Sergeant Ralph M. Sheneman and Sergeant Gordon Goitz, late of Big Rapids, Mich., and more recently of the western front.

Their brigade had fought magnificently from the infested woods below the Oureq up and over that hill called 212 which rose like an ominous bastion to the east of Serpy. It had advanced eight kilometers in one breathless day and across the first three had had to fight fiercely for every inch of soil taken.

Now they were approaching the Vesle, and the order to advance on a two-platoon front came at a moment when these forward platoons had no commissioned officer to lead them. One had been killed on Hill 212, one lay wounded behind him, a third had been called to fill a gap elsewhere. There were only the two sergeants. But they were plenty.

#### Isolated by Barrage

The two platoons, tired and somewhat depleted after the climax of the battle, started at 6 in the morning. They had smothered several machine guns in their path and pushed on for a good half mile with the rest to follow, when right behind them dropped the curtain of a German barrage and there they were, isolated on a crest.

At a word from the sergeants, they unsling their shovels and burrowed into the ground. As the barrage ceased, the trench mortars opened up and the prostrate platoons could hear the great shells whir over their heads and fall—harmless—just behind them.

On their bellies, the sergeants held a council of war. Their casualties had been light, one man having been wounded in the effort to carry him to safety. The sergeants decided to stay where they were and send out runners to establish their whereabouts. Finally, one of these fearless couriers of the battlefield crawled back with the news of the lay of the land.

#### The Nations Come Up

The Germans were 300 yards ahead. To the left—nobody. To the right—nobody. To the rear—a mile away—the rest of their battalion. The major had sent word to stay put, with the assurance that the rest would join them at dawn. So ended the first day.

At dark, a veritable ration detail reached them with hardtack, corn and Willie and hot coffee—or pretty hot coffee. That night, the gas shells came over with painful regularity, and the gas watch could allow the tired doughboys only intermittent slumber.

The next day they saw an American outfit of another division charge past them, charge almost through them. From the scattered shots that reached them, they knew they were being taken for Boches, so they ran up a flag that consisted of an unmistakably O.D. blouse fluttering from a rifle barrel. The signal succeeded and the shots ceased.

They hung on through the day. Still there was no sign of their own folks a mile behind them.

Should they go back? They could hold the crest if need be. What was wanted? They sent a runner back to ask. And from the major, who knew that relief was coming for all of them, came the dawn of the next day, came back this message:

"Stay on the crest and make it safe for democracy."

They did.

### GARBAGE IN THE SWIM

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—New York garbage contractors have dumped garbage near the harbor, with the result that when a quarter million bathers hurried themselves into the surf they butted into semi-solid chowder. The only way to distinguish the Coney Island bathers from garbage was by observing if the garbage didn't use the same stroke.

ASK FOR THEM!  
**MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE**  
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCES)  
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## EIGHT BILLIONS IS AIM OF NEWEST REVENUE MEASURE

Details of Record Bill Now Being Worked Out by House Committee

### HEAVY TAX ON BIG PROFITS

Corporation, Incomes and Luxuries Will Also Pay, and Many Things Untouched Before

BY J. W. MULLER  
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)  
AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The House Ways and Means Committee is still busy over the little details of the new revenue bill. These details are mere trifles, being only questions of a billion dollars more or less. When we oldtimers think of the famous watchdogs of the treasury whose frantic bark awoke the whole continent every time a hundred thousand dollar appropriation bill lifted its head above the horizon, we have to laugh.

For weeks now the newspapers have been recording daily progress of the House committee's program and sums of less than half a million are not deemed worthy of mention. At this time the committee has pretty well figured out how to raise seven billions of the eight billion revenue demanded. The missing billion is missing only in the sense that it has not yet been decided out of what pile to take it. There are several piles, with a good many billions in each.

Heavy taxation of war and excess profits is certain, and apparently only the details remain to be ironed out during the coming week.

#### No Outside Assistance

An illuminating fact that casts a bright light on the great change that has so vastly yet almost imperceptibly come over the whole spirit of the country is that this huge revenue bill is being put through without any talk of lobbyists or any other of the outside assistance that once was an almost inseparable part of revenue legislation. Even the ultra-conservative organs and spokesmen who by nature and long habit unalterably oppose taxes on business and finance are exceedingly mild in tone. None of them emit their old-time threats, and indeed to outward view it would seem almost as if all America from Wall Street down were simply letting official Washington attend to the whole business.

It is practically certain now that when the bill is offered to Congress it will carry very heavy taxes on big profits, greatly increased corporation taxes, advances on all incomes, and as big luxury taxes as the traffic will bear, with a good many novel taxes on things never before touched for national revenue.

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L'EDITION FRANCAISE ILLUSTREE, 30, Rue de Provence, PARIS

## CROIX DE GUERRE FOR WAR CORRESPONDENT

Floyd Gibbons of Chicago Tribune Receives Decoration With Palm

The Croix de Guerre, with palm, has been given to Floyd Gibbons, the war correspondent. Here is the citation, in the words of General Pétain:

"Floyd Gibbons, the war correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, has given on several previous occasions proofs of courage and bravery in going to obtain information in most exposed positions. On June 5, 1918, accompanying a regiment of Marine riflemen, who were taking a wood, he was very seriously wounded by machine gun bullets while going to the aid of a wounded American officer, thus giving proof in this episode of the finest devotion. Rescued several hours later and carried to a dressing station, he insisted on not being cared for before the wounded who had arrived there before him."

#### JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

First Truck Driver: Why does Dubble use that emergency brake every three minutes?  
Second Truck Driver: He used to be a motorman and thinks it's the gong.

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## ENGINEERS' TASK NOT ENDED WHEN VESLE IS SPANNED

River Is Made Passable for  
Democracy, If Not 100  
Per Cent Safe

## DOUGHBOYS GROW ENVOIOUS

Shovels Are Handier to Dig in  
With Than Mess Kit Lids—  
Variety the Watchword

The Vesle River has many stories to tell of the work of American Engineers in throwing bridges across for the advancing Infantry. Back of the river the Germans waited to block any advance, confident in the protection which the surrounding hills afforded their men and guns.

They had their artillery back of the hills and their snipers and machine gunners well hidden in the underbrush on the slope, yet even with these odds in their favor, they were unable to break up the daring work of the bridge builders, who daily faced snipers, machine guns and big shells in the execution of their work.

On one occasion an Engineer major, leading his battalion out beyond his Infantry, took four men ahead, and the four under heavy fire had trees cut to fall back and fourth across the river in parallel lines.

Just at this moment the German artillerymen laid down a heavy barrage back of the battalion to cut it out from any support, while the snipers and machine gunners more than doubled their fusillade. Yet against even these odds the major sent back the following message to his chief:

### "We Will Do Our Best"

"Have located place for bridges. We are facing heavy machine gun fire on our front with heavy barrage at our back. We will do our best."

Thirty minutes later the bridges were laid ready for the Infantry to cross.

With the first of the Infantry the advance party crossed over, made its reconnaissance and then threw another tree back to complete the foundation for the first bridge. The return trip was even more dangerous than the first, but no one balked at the odds, and after the journey had been made the battalion was called upon to advance and take up the work ahead. It came down to the river's edge with unusual coolness and courage and went to work as if it were clearing some road 100 miles from any danger.

The single illustration is on one of many similar incidents. The service to be covered by different Engineer detachments was a wide one, yet if no case did a detachment fail to accomplish its portion of the task.

### No Protection for Bridge Builders

A close study of this sector shows the terrible difficulties attending the bridge laying. Beyond the river, held by the Boche, the ground slopes upward to a high hill, affording excellent protection to the artillery. Up this slope there are innumerable brush heaps and small thickets, giving good cover to snipers and machine gunners.

There was no protection for those throwing over the bridges, and they were forced to work in the open. Yet with snipers potting away at fairly close range, with machine guns pelting them from the front and with big German shells, shrapnel, gas and high explosives popping all around, the Engineers got more than a few bridges across.

They covered their full sector sufficiently to handle all the Infantry available and needed for the work of storming the opposite slope. They plastered the Vesle with bridges over an extended stretch, to the great discouragement of Fritz and Heinie, who were confident that they had the way blocked against any advance and who had no idea that any Yankee Engineer contingent would be able to lay bridges under such unfavorable conditions.

The enemy blazed away with their crashing barrage and popped away with rifles and machine guns, but bridge after bridge went across until the Vesle has been made, if not "safe," at least "passable for Democracy."

### Appreciation—and Envy

There is at least one Infantry regiment that appreciates in full the great variety of work handled by the Engineers, and that also is filled with secret envy over the Engineers' additional equipment.

As this Infantry regiment began its first advance in the American onslaught against the Vesle, it noticed an Engineer regiment busily engaged in preparing and fixing the roads to facilitate the first push.

Later, this same Infantry regiment, held back further along for a short while by heavy fire, looked to its left and saw this same Engineer outfit acting as Infantry. But the Engineer outfit was not digging itself in with bayonet and mess kit as the doughboys were. It had perfectly good shovels along, part of its regular equipment, whatever the task.

"Look at those diggin' fools," remarked a doughboy with envious voice, as he and several of his mates saw the Engineer detachment quickly develop suitable cover with shovel and spade.

### Three Different Jobs

But the doughboys had something else to observe in the way of variety. Assisted by the Engineers, the advance was soon taken up again, and the Boche rushed back across the river.

Facing come this far, the Engineers had no thought of knocking off for the day. They had helped clear up the roads at the start, they had acted as Infantry and had helped in the advance, and now they went to work on a new job—that of putting bridges over the Vesle for the Infantry to use in a further advance. This advance was completed, and at last the doughboys left their Engineer compatriots behind with a far greater respect for their all around ability.

Later on, if they had returned, they might have seen the same engineers in a new role. Having spanned the Vesle, they returned to the spot where they had adopted Infantry tactics and began once more the work of rebuilding and refixing the road over which the Infantry and Artillery had just traveled.

Road builders, Infantry, bridge builders, all in one day's work, shovels and "variety is the spice of life." The Engineers have spice enough to last a generation.

## PORTAGE BEYOND THE MARNE



## KING PINS MEDALS ON YANKEE HEROES OF JULY 4 BATTLE

Continued from Page 1

to stand in line to receive them. Some were still in a nearby hospital. The King visited their cots, and having awarded his decorations, shook hands with each as he expressed his admiration for their work under fire and his sympathy for their wounds.

As the king passed out of the building, one wounded buck private remarked to a nearby mate:

"He certainly is a fine old scout, a regular guy; but where's his crown?"

The medals awarded, troops from the American and British line were reviewed by the King and his staff, this ceremony completing a historical precedent that no American present will ever forget.

Here are the official citations in all their telegraphic brevity:

2nd LT. HARRY VAGLE, M.M.—While digging in at the final objective, came under fire from hostile machine gun on sunken road, 200 yards to right front. In company with Sgt. Frank A. Kojane, two Australians, rushed position, captured gun, eight prisoners.

2nd LT. MICHAEL M. KOMOROWSKI, M.C.—Though suffering from a wound in arm received early in engagement, advanced with platoon until objective reached, where consolidated line remained there until dug in, thereby displaying gallantry, setting good example to men.

1st LT. FRANK E. SCHIAM, M.C.—Displayed remarkable coolness and gallantry during attack. Went on ahead of his Australian medical officer, established dressing station front of enemy line, dressing wounds under heavy shell fire, continuing his post until all wounded had been evacuated.

1st LT. ALBERT G. JEFFERSON, M.C.—Being severely wounded in breast, shoulder, by shell fire, continued with command his platoon until final objective reached, remaining there until consolidation completed, his services no longer required, before returning to dressing station.

Pvt. CHRISTOPHER W. KESSE, M.M.—Displayed great gallantry, devotion to duty, in action against machine gun, artillery fire. Two stretcher-bearers working with him were killed. He impressed German prisoners to carry wounded to places of safety.

Sgt. JAMES E. KRUM, M.C.—Though severely wounded right arm beginning engagement, continued execution his duties as squad forward with his platoon, exhibiting great gallantry, setting fine example his men. After wound being dressed insisted upon returning platoon.

Rushed Machine Gun  
Corp. THOMAS A. FORD, M.C.—Enemy having captured one our advanced posts by counter attack, first platoon of company was ordered restore position. Corp. rushed hostile machine gun single-handed, bayoneted several of crew and standing astride gun kept remainder of detachment at bay until arrival reinforcements, when gun crew all killed or captured.

Corp. ANDREW C. SHAMNGER, M.M.—Being severely wounded arm beginning engagement, remained in charge his squad throughout, performing duties, controlling men until mopped up when asked to be sent to aid station. Showed great gallantry, setting fine example to remainder men.

Corp. LESTER C. WHITSON, M.M.—Severely wounded shoulder, suffering loss blood, continued to lead squad to final position. Exhibited great gallantry, fine example balance men.

Corp. RAYMOND H. POWELL, M.M.—During counter attack gained possession one our advance posts which had to be recaptured before assault could be made on position he was holding in rear of post. Powell volunteered for this duty, led section to attack through violent shell fire, bombing enemy out of post and enabling line to advance.

Pvt. WILLIAM F. LINSKY, M.M.—Severely wounded right arm, exhibited gallant engagement, he continued carry Lewis gun, used it with good effect in assault village Hamel, exhibiting great gallantry and devotion duty.

2nd LT. HARRY SHELLY, D.C.M.—Displayed conspicuous gallantry during attack enemy's position. In company an Australian went out capturing enemy sniping post, bringing back eight prisoners.

Corp. ALBERT C. PAINSEPP, D.C.M.—Single handed attacked German machine gun emplacement. Gun was turned on him. He tried to grasp it and upset it, but failed owing to being wounded in leg. Then hunched out gun crew emplacement, saved advancing troops from heavy casualties.

Pvt. FRED E. WILKINS, M.M.—Exhibited conspicuous bravery in action. Bombed out machine gun position, captured gun which had been inflicting heavy casualties our troops.

Sgt. FRANK A. KOJANE, M.M.—After having dug in while subjected heavy machine gun fire enemy with officer, two Australians, rushed position, captured machine gun, eight prisoners.

Corp. JOHN DE SMIDT, D.C.M.—In afternoon his platoon being under heavy machine gun fire located gun with assistance an Australian, crept to position occupied by gun, seized it, forced crew to carry it back to our line.

Corp. H. ZYBURT, M.M.  
Pvt. J. SWERED, M.M.  
Sgt. A. ERHARD, M.M.

### VILLARD SELLS "POST"

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Oswald Garrison Villard, after 37 years' ownership, has sold the New York Evening Post to Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Co.

Mr. Lamont has put the paper under the trusteeship of Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.; Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; and Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

## 449 MASCOTS NOW; MOTOR MECHANICS SEND 1500 FRANCS

Ten More French War Or-  
phans Find Parrains  
in A.E.F.

## SCORE PICKED FOR OREGON

Pictures and Stories of Children  
Adopted by Shipbuilders on  
Way to States

TAKEN THIS WEEK.	
Co. 7, Motor Mechanics, S.C.	2
Capt. Chas. H. Brannen	1
Lt. F. H. U. A.S.	1
Mrs. W. M. Lacy, Wellesley, Mass.	1
Aero Squadron	1
Officers of Base Hosp. No. 24	1
"For Johnnie Stairs"	1
1st Detch. Co. 1st A.A.A. Park	1
"Windy City Echo," — Engrs., N.Y.	1
Previously adopted	439
Total	449

Maybe it was because the A.E.F. was too busy polishing up after the strenuous work of helping get Fritz started toward home and preparing for a lot more of the same, that there wasn't much done this week in the side job of smoothing the path of life of the French war orphans.

At any rate, after the banner week of August 9, when 34 fatherless children were assured of comfort for a year, there was a lull and the highest number of new faces the orphan department could count in the A.E.F. family this week was ten.

The ten additions, however, came within one of boosting the size of the family to the 450 mark and raised the temperature a couple of degrees around that five hundredth milestone.

The week brought a new service into the fold of parrains, the Motor Mechanics Regiment, Signal Corps, came in with enthusiasm, paying 1,500 francs for the support three children for a year, two to be taken on behalf of the members of the unit and one individually by Captain Charles H. Bruenig, the C.O.

### Corned Willie for One

The Air Service was heard from again for another three, two lieutenants taking one each of them, sending 500 francs "to buy corned Willie, etc., for a Frenchman, in the name of his wife."

"We are happy to avail ourselves of the privilege of adding to the welfare and happiness of the children of France," wrote the Aero Squadron, which asked for a girl, "it is to be an added pleasure to us to contribute to her from time to time incidental amounts for some of the luxuries that are dear to every child's heart. We naturally expect our family to grow in number."

The Windy City Echo, the official publication of the Engineers, R.E., already well represented in the list of godfathers, sent in 500 francs for the adoption of another and announced that it had started a fund to care for still more.

The 20 French orphans who will be the mascots of the shipbuilders employed

by the Foundation Company of Portland, Ore., in the construction of 20 ships for the French government were selected this week and their photographs and histories started on the way to their far-away parrains.

The 20 ships are named after French heroes fallen in the war and a few of the historic cities of France. As mascots for the crews working on the ships named after cities, children from those cities have been selected. A child of Belfort, for instance, became the mascot of the men building the auxiliary power ship Belfort.

The circle of sentiment in the adoption of this score of children has thus been completed.

## HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child. It will be maintained monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

Illustrated booklet mailed free on request.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of August 9, 1918, was 170,210, an increase of 14,379 over the previous week.

### PAYDAY EXPRESS: ON TIME

There has been no better "inside news" for the A.E.F. in a long time than the announcement that the pay book is to be a reality, that the spectacle of casuals, men on detached service and wounded men going unpaid for anywhere from one month to eight is to fade from vision.

To bring about this result, the Army pay system has had to be revolutionized. It is somewhat as if a factory that had been turning out ready-made pajamas suddenly diverted its energies to the production of collar buttons.

But no one need have cause to worry about any accidents to the machinery, any lapse in its regular output. The machinery will run as smoothly as ever, because it has the right spirit behind it—and spirit counts a whole lot more than machinery.

So if you have ever cursed the Quartermaster just because your supply sergeant gave you a pair of No. 10 shoes when you have always worn 8's, or because one of your collar ornaments fell off, reconsider. It isn't necessary to stop and give three cheers. The Q.M. is too busy to listen, anyway.

### KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT

The offensive launched by the Germans on July 15 was an utter failure. Several factors contributed to that failure. For one thing, we had had a change to study the new German tactics of assault. For another, the Allied forces had, since spring, received mighty reinforcements.

Above all, the Allied staff knew where, with what force, and on what day—even at what hour—the drive would begin. Since then, Germany has torn her hair and muttered much of spies and betrayal. Her drive had failed. There was no surprise.

The counter-offensive launched by Marshal Foch on July 18 was a brilliant success. It developed that the enemy had not expected that the blow would fall so soon or that it would ever fall with such staggering force. The drive succeeded. There was surprise.

When British and French followed their brief barrage at dawn on August 8, piercing the enemy's line to a depth of six miles in the initial thrust, taking prisoner Germans who were not even awake, let alone dressed, there was surprise.

In the wake of such events as these, you would think a great light must be dawning in the minds of those officers and men who love to air what big stuff they think they have. Love to air it in all places, public places preferred. Yet in restaurants and railway compartments, you can still hear the gaseous ones confiding loudly that—for instance—they have personally seen 78 American divisions massing on the Black Sea for a surprise advance on Finland.

Some day a gaseous one will get hold of something significant—and spill it.

Some day a gaseous one will be tapped on the shoulder, led out to a brick wall and shot.

Then, maybe, there will be a period of comparative silence.

### THE STAKE

The part each one of us plays in this great drama of war is so small, however big, that we must be forgiven if we sometimes fail to see the whole of it through the eyes of embattled democracy against embattled Prussianism—or the other way round.

If we are unloading cases of ammunition at a base port, filling personnel data at Tours, classifying the latest shipment of disabilities at Blois, boiling coffee for the line in Lorraine, or clearing Belleau Wood of machine guns, we cannot halt every hour to consider how overwhelmingly tremendous the stakes are.

But, in a free moment, it is well for everyone of us to stand off mentally and look at things as one would look at them, say, from the moon—to look at them and reflect on the ponderous significance of the whole vast turmoil of the world.

For Germany's stake is the world. Ours is the right to live in it as we see fit—not as Germany sees fit to let us.

### HETEROGENEOUS

A German communiqué, issued during the recent period when German Headquarters liked better to talk of other things than how the battle was going, referred to the "heterogeneous collection of nations and races" represented in the line against her.

Which suggests the comment that, when a nation sets out to whip the whole world,

and a goodly part of the world comes to her threshold in answer to the challenge, that nation must expect to see a heterogeneous—possibly a strange looking—group.

But we will submit that a person would have to do a lot of hunting and combing around the odd corners of the earth to gather a weirder collection of individuals than the German army must consist of—if the prisoners of war who did their "march past" behind the lines during the Second Battle of the Marne are a fair sample.

### NO TALK OF PEACE

American doughboys charge a German machine gun nest across an open field.

Some fall, but the others press forward. They come to their objective at the point of the bayonet, only to find the beaten Hun, with unlifted hands, crying "Kamerad." But with a gun or a knife concealed, ready to violate his plea of surrender.

This is the true Hun spirit, the spirit back of the Kaiser and his court. With the power of the offensive passing from him, he is now merely waiting for another chance to lift his hands with the cry of "Kamerad" or "Peace."

Peace—with part of the loot still in his possession! Peace—with only a thought of German gain or German victory through craft or deceit! Peace—with the hidden knife ready for its sudden and treacherous thrust!

Peace! In the A.E.F. there will be no thought of peace, no whisper of peace, no dream of peace until the Hun is beaten to the dust.

The fighting lines sweeping their way forward through machine gun fire are not talking of peace.

The fighting lines and the workers through the S.O.S. are not thinking of peace. Their single thought and dream is Victory. They see ahead, through the battle smoke, only a savage enemy to humanity whipped until he is ready to quit and take up his share of the work for civilization.

Let the weak-hearted, who are dreaming of a compromise—

Let the pacifists, who are talking of "peace by agreement"—

Let the side-liners, who have "had enough of war"—

Let the secretly inclined pro-Germans, who think "this great tragedy should end without a decision"—

Let them one and all know once and for all that for the A.E.F. there is no such word as peace with the Hun unbated. The man who talks peace today, except through victory, is a traitor. He is only fit to face the firing squad.

### THE SOURCE OF SPIRIT

Every one hears, with all the justice in the world, of the wonderful spirit shown up front by American contingents that a few months ago knew little of battle.

This spirit under fire is merely the result of the spirit shown from the start by the men back home in training camps, by those stationed for further training back of the lines in France. Here there was mainly grind and detail and drudgery, day piled upon day and week piled upon week of the hardest sort of work, mental and physical, that knew no glory of the moment, no variety, no thrill.

But officers and men alike stuck it out, went to the job with 100 per cent of all they had, and the logical result has been shown up front in more than one stand or one advance.

The man who refuses to become discouraged through the dreary days of training back of the front isn't likely to become discouraged when he gets there. He has already laid the foundation of spirit and discipline that isn't to be shattered or shaken later on.

### BACKERS

On the eve of the beginning of the Second Battle of the Marne, the Kaiser arrived at field headquarters in a burst of imperial glory and delivered himself of the following telegram:

"His Majesty informs his troops that he has arrived behind the front of attack and will watch the battle from a tower. His Majesty's good wishes accompany his troops. His Majesty cries to his troops, 'With God, for Emperor and for Empire.'"

Behind the Allied lines, watching that night stood the Spirit of the Free Peoples of the Earth, steeling and gladdening our hearts for the stern duty ahead.

It may have inspired the German troops that night to know that their Emperor was behind them, mounted, probably, in the steeple of some despoiled church with his pompous generals and his boot-lickers. It may have, we say, but we doubt it. It did inspire the troops of the Allies that night, to know that the Spirit of Freedom was behind them. It did, we say, for we know it.

At any rate, there can be no doubt which is the greater inspiration. His benediction, self-decorated, flesh and bones Majesty, the Kaiser, or Her Majesty, Liberty, ever at our side, conveying the deep-souled message of hope from the tens of millions of homes we are defending, which, somehow, cannot be stated in a 42-word night letter.

### ITS DOUBLE USE

In an insane asylum a certain patient was observed by one of the guards hammering his own head lustily with a heavy hammer. The patient was evidently suffering considerably at the moment, but there was a look of expectant pleasure upon his face.

"What's the idea?" asked the guard.

"Doesn't that hurt you?"

"Yes," replied the patient, "it hurts like the devil now, but think how good it will feel when I quit."

So cheer up over the gas mask. It may bother you a trifle at the time, but it serves a double purpose. It not only saves your life, but think, before you curse it with too much venom, how good it feels when you take it off!

Not forgetting that most gas casualties are caused by two forms of carelessness—by not putting on the mask quickly and properly, and by taking it off too soon.

## The Army's Poets

### OUR CHANCE

Gray sky, gray sky, and ships of mottled hue;  
Gray sky, gray seas, yet cloud-rift bits of blue.  
Gray mists, gray rain—beyond, the coasts of France.

Across the silent danger zone where we must take our chance.  
We take our chance—a thousand eyes on each ship scan the sea.  
Watching, waiting, watching for the crest of the Valkyrie:  
The crest of the Teuton goddess, the chooser of the slain.  
Whose lone eye peers from the top of the sea  
Where her victims' bones are laid.  
We take our chance, clear-eyed, hearts high,  
Sons of the New Day.  
To drive the spawn of the Elder Gods back to their holes of clay.  
We take our chance for the love of Christ,  
Fighting the heathen horde:  
We take our chance, for the same high cause that  
The blood of our grandfathers poured.  
Gray seas, gray sky and the gathering dark  
Before:  
Gray sky, gray seas but beyond—the Gallic Shore!  
Beside the flag of Liberty, thank God, we take our chance.  
On, on swift ships, on, on, brave men—  
Beyond the coast of France—  
J. P. H., Hq., —Division.

### THAT MONTH AT HOME

We boys were all excited  
When the story came around  
That a leave at home was possible—  
How good it sure did sound!  
We have searched through general orders,  
We have raked them with a comb,  
To see, if after eighteen months,  
We'd get a month at home.

The story sure did cheer us,  
Although it wasn't true,  
And the boys all got together,  
Each telling what he'd do.  
One said he'd buy a brewery  
And wallow in the foam.  
If he should, after eighteen months,  
Obtain a month at home.

Another youthful private  
Said he'd get in bed and stay,  
Instead of standing reveille  
Before the break of day.  
They'd all eat pies and go to shows,  
And with their girlfriends roam.  
If after eighteen months in France,  
They'd get a month at home.

So I hope the men who run things  
Will get wise to our hope,  
And get together and decide  
That this is the real deal:  
A man with a good record  
Should be given every chance  
To have a month's furlough at home  
For eighteen months in France.  
P. W. B.

### AUX POILUS

Oh, the wind blows sweet o'er the hills of France,  
And quiet shadows call  
The tired poilus where the poppies dance  
And the fairy whisp'ers fall.

Long has the wind blown sweet and fair  
For the tired poilus' return;  
He has come—but to kiss and begone again  
To where the star-shells burn.

But the whispering winds from our own fair hills  
Have called to us sweet and low,  
"By the dream of home that your long night fills,  
Stand and destroy the foe!"

"Let the pledge of Youth from the western shores  
Given to France in her war,  
Be the bolt and the bar of Freedom's doors,  
That all of the world may know."

So we shall stand as do France's own,  
Though time without count we pay,  
That Pierre may dream by his hearthstone  
Though ours may be far away.

Face to the Dawn, through the fiery night  
We shall stand by the line to the end;  
For the worst that the gods can do is to write  
"He gave his all—for a friend."

### "WE KILL OR WE ARE KILLED"

Though shells be bursting all around,  
Though myriad corpses heap the ground,  
Though hell itself fling back the sound,  
Americans don't give!

Staunch in the strength of conscious might,  
Calm in the mail of radiant light,  
Piercing the shroud of cheerless night  
They die, but never give!

### A PROPOSITION

Looka here, Hun,  
Let's take and thrash this business through,  
Some as we'd ought to see,  
Before it ever was begun.

It seems a shame—some years ago a fellow killed a prince,  
And here this war's been spreading ever since.  
We'd do it all out, just us two,  
Because, you know, the rest of them  
Might sometimes let their feelings get the best of them.

The English may be upshish, the French a bit intense,  
But you have lots of sense and Kultur—  
Sure—and I've got good horse sense.  
Besides, I want to get back home.  
I've got my business done, and all my folks,  
So you've got to see to it.

If all you want's to send me where I'm from,  
Well, first you want the freedom of the seas.  
Over there? We're using that word freedom, too.

We think we're just as keen for it as you.  
All right, you just sail anywhere you please,  
Only, it's got to be the other way.  
Hey?

No sneaking up to sink a fellow's boat  
Who's got as good a right as you to float!

There's Absace and Lorraine,  
The French would like them back again.  
You want a plebiscite?

To go by what the people say?  
All right.  
But that might not work out your way.  
Who are the people of Absace-Lorraine?

You'd scared some out with laws and guns.  
And now the place is full of Huns:  
No ballot-stuffing! For a vote, let them come back again.

Then Russia—what's to be her lot?  
The place where everybody went so crazy  
About idealism and free and lazy.  
They let you frame a peace—whose terms you soon forgot.

You'll make it good? What your idea of good?  
It don't pan out like other people's would.

And next—hey? The indemnities you've earned?  
By what—by all the villages you burned?  
Belgium, France, Poland—none of that from you.  
For as that item goes, we're through.

You say you did no wrong but what you had to,  
And so that made it right:  
But Serbia, Belgium, France—they surely had  
To fight.

I guess the rest had reason to be mad, too.  
Well, we've been chewing here about this row:  
We've struck some stumps, and dodged some more.

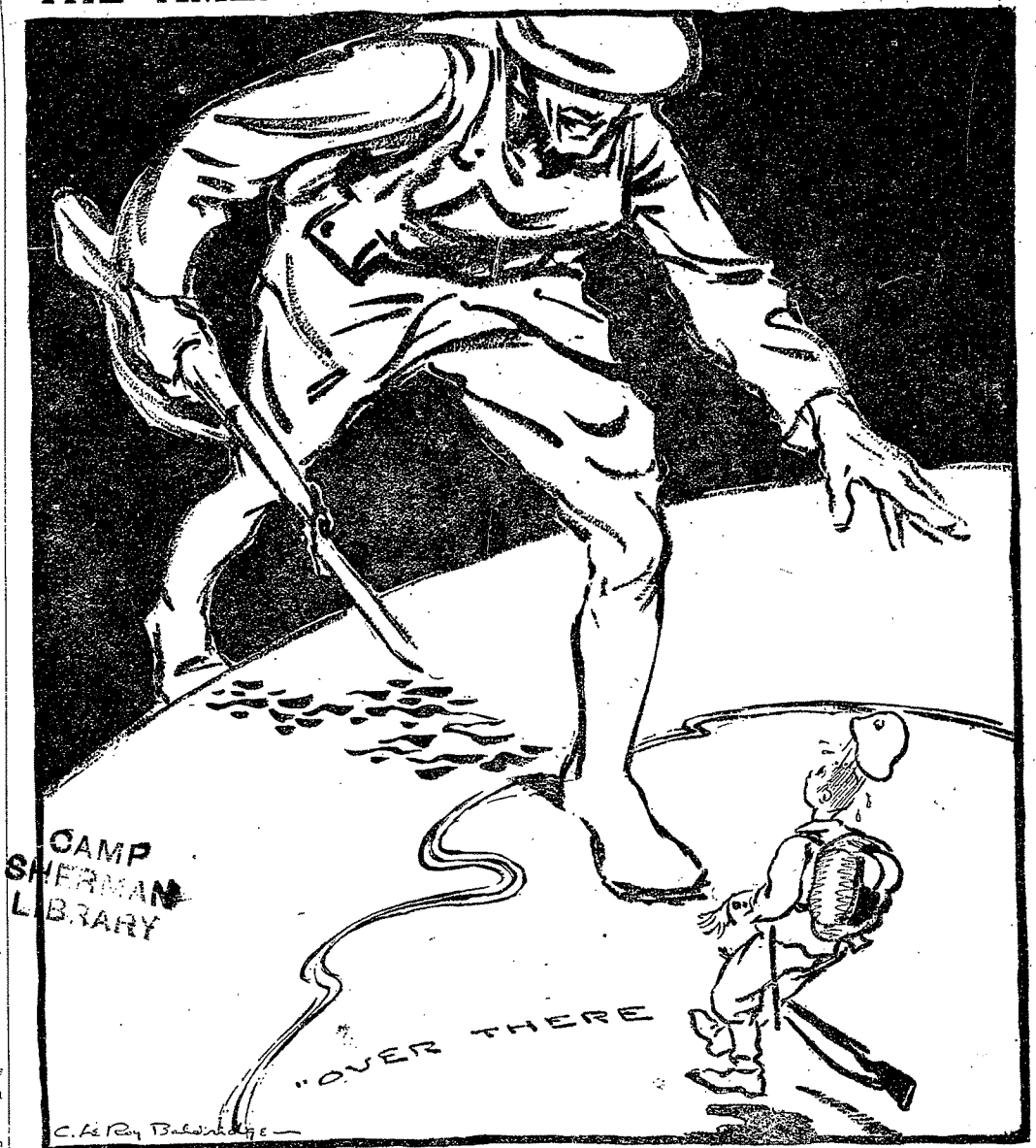
We may as well get down to business now.  
Or we're getting no good.  
All is putting down costs to gain and loss,  
You'd like to be the universal boss.  
Not just the job you thought 'twas going to be  
When you made out your schedule to Paree.  
You jaws have chewed up a good deal,  
But you've bit off a great deal more:  
And I can't help but feel  
This whole rule thing won't go—it's all been tried before.

So here's my proposition—it's what you've got to do.  
Before we're through:  
You just crawl off, curl up somewhere and die:  
Trust us to patch the world up by and by.  
E. G. B.

### SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Why is it that from yonder tower  
The Colonel's face is beaming still,  
Though it is past the midnight hour  
And all's serene o'er vale and hill?  
'Tis not the wisdom of the augur,  
Nor army lore his mind enchants;  
An earthlier task his mind engages:  
He's sewing buttons on his pants.  
O. H. F.

## "THE AMERICANS HAVE ALL BEEN SUNK"



## FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE REVEILLE

It was the combination of crab and strawberries and cream. (Under no circumstances should a doughboy let the mess sergeant persuade him to eat crab and strawberries and cream after a long hike.) I had no more than crawled into bed, got my hip fitted into the hole in the ground I had dug for it, and scratched my neck a couple of times where the O.D. blanket rubbed, than I fitted right out of the tent.

I was over in the United States for a while buzzing around just as if there never had been a war in the world. Then I slid out a root, drowned in mid-ocean, was run down by a fire engine and finally wound up in a huge room with a tile floor and marble walls. I am not at all clear on the details of this room. I stood near one end, and the light, although bright enough where I was, did not penetrate more than a few yards. Maybe it was because of the atmosphere, which was heavy and clammy like that of a cellar where daylight never enters. I could barely discern some sombre paintings in gold frames hanging on the walls. At the nearest end I could dimly see a raised platform at the rear of which was a massive mahogany chair—a hard-square, uncomfortable chair, tipped with gold, I knew immediately that this was a throne, but I wasn't astonished, no more than I was to see the man who, seated on the lowermost step leading to the platform, was feverishly polishing a sword held tight between his knees.

The man was in his shirt-sleeves. He was gray and peaked and he had a pair of crafty, mean little gray eyes and a long, heavy, dark mustache which he kept wiping upward, while the other, as if the starch had come out, drooped ludicrously. But I knew him at once as the Kaiser, even before I saw his blouse, with its dozen dangling medals, which he had thrown beside him on the step.

I stood rolling a cigarette, not at all embarrassed as a scout ought to be in the presence of an emperor. After a while, he glanced up at me without exhibiting any particular interest and without missing a stroke in his polishing.

"What's the matter?" I asked, "Going to have inspection tomorrow?"

"Inspection?" exclaimed the Kaiser. "Inspection for me every day."

"Great guns!" said I. "I'd certainly hate to soldier in your army."

The Kaiser kept right on polishing, his elbow going like the driving rod of a locomotive. It wasn't until then that I noticed the sword stuck in the wall, a long, heavy affair with white patches on both sides. And as I looked, with the Kaiser rubbing diligently on a spot near the hilt, I saw another appear lower down. It was very minute when I first saw it, but it grew right before my eyes until it covered the whole width of the blade. The Kaiser saw it, too, and a look of despair came over his face in a moment.

"Ach, mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Will

they never stop coming? Will I ever catch up?"

Then he fell to his polishing again harder than ever.

"You'd never get by at inspection with that in your outfit—not with our captain on the job," I said. "It looks like my first bayonet after four months in the line. Why don't you turn it in and make 'em issue a new one?"

"Turn it in?" he almost shouted. "Turn it in? Say, this is the only sword of its kind in the world. This is the Great Shining Sword of the German Empire."

"Hell," I exclaimed. "Why doesn't it shine, then?"

The Kaiser stopped work abruptly, laid the sword across his knees and heaved a tremendous sigh.

"Sit down," he said, "and give me the machine," I did.

He rolled a cigarette and took a deep drag. "Listen," he said, "I'm having a terrible time with this sword. I'm about up against it. I'm afraid the thing will be the death of me. Three or four years ago I didn't have any trouble with it. Every once in a while I used to put a few drops of oil on the blade, wipe it with a soft rag and it would shine like a diamond. Why, it used to dazzle my people just to look at it."

"Then I began having some difficulty. First, it used to rust in the queerest manner, and from no apparent cause, and I would have to spend four or five hours every week polishing it. A few months after that a big rust spot appeared suddenly one day, and I couldn't keep the rust away. It kept getting worse and worse. I tried everything I knew, but the more I polished the worse it got."

"By the way," he asked, with a sudden hopefulness, reaching out and touching my knee, "do you know anything that will take rust off a sword?"

"Ever try ashes?" I asked.

"Years ago,"

"Sandpaper" or emery cloth?"

"Oh, sure, and gave them up."

"All sandpaper does is to make it rust more, anyhow," I commented.

"That may have had something to do with it. I used to use sandpaper all the time. I used it so much that I had to quit for fear of wearing the sword through. You can see it's pretty thin in places. Since then I've tried everything. I've had my best chemists on the job, but they can't do anything. I have used millions of remedies and they have all failed."

"Pretty tough," said I. "I remember, before I got my stripes—"

"And the rust is only half the story," interrupted the Kaiser. "The Shining Sword is all nicked up, too. Look at that," he said,

drawing the weapon over closer to me and pointing to a spot on the blade where I saw a piece had been broken out and placed back in again.

"Got that at Verdun in 1916. And that," he said, pointing to another nick. "Got that on the Somme. There were five or six nicks like that, but I saved the pieces and pasted them in again with kitchen cement."

The Kaiser shook his head slowly.

"The point is gone, too," he said sadly. "Look at that," said he, placing his finger on a crack clear across the sword a few inches from the end.

"Broke right square off. That happened on the Marne just a week ago. I cemented it on again, too."

"And the handle is loose," he continued, and held the sword out so that I could see it wobble at the hilt. "That happened at Mondidior this summer. It's all I can do to hold the sword steady now."

"I'll tell you one thing," said I. "You would never get by an inspection in your outfit. Our Captain would spot it a mile off."

"Well, I've got it on you in one thing," said the Kaiser. "I don't have that rigid an inspection. Nobody actually takes hold of the sword and examines it, you see. All I do is go out and wave it around before the people and, as long as it looks all right, they're satisfied."

"I don't let 'em get too close any more though," added the Kaiser, "since it got all these nicks and things. But I'm afraid some of them are getting wise. It's a terrible situation to be in."

The Kaiser paused and sighed sorrowfully again. Then he glanced down and saw another rust spot growing on the blade. It was the size of a pin head, but it grew to the size of a dollar in a minute, it seemed.

"That damned rust is the worst after all," he almost wailed, and fell frantically to polishing again. "It grows and grows and grows and I don't know what to do about it. I sneak into this throne room every evening as soon as I can get alone and start in polishing. Lately, I've been here all night and didn't finish up until away along late in the morning."

"Polishing on this thing 12 and 14 hours every night just to be able to make it shine for a few hours during the day. And it simply gets worse and worse. I don't know what I'm going to do."

I rolled another cigarette and stood up.

"There's one thing, sergeant," he said, and his words came in rhythm timed to the strenuous strokes of his polishing, "don't ever begin using sandpaper on your bayonet."

"Don't worry," said I. "I won't—not with our skipper on the job, anyhow."

Funny dream, wasn't it? But anything is liable to happen when the mess sergeant feeds you crab and strawberries and cream.

## COOTIES IN '61-'65

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In reading some experiences of the boys over there with cooties, I am very forcibly reminded of our experience during the War between the States, '61 to '65 and especially during the Siege of Petersburg, Va., where the pits and the whole earth seemed alive with what we called "graybacks." We were alive with them also, and the soldier that did not have the opportunity of ridding himself of these pests at least once in every 24 hours would find himself in very bad condition. Just at this time I made a discovery which proved to be of great benefit to thousands. I will relate it here as a suggestion for the boys in the Army and in the trenches.

As we were marching along I saw something bright sticking out of the dry sand in the road and picked it up. It was a piece of wire eight or ten inches long and about 3-16 of an inch in diameter, probably a piece of telegraph wire. It was bright and clean and I kept it, although at that time I had not thought of a use for it, but when the opportunity came for making war on this ever-increasing army, securely encamped under the seams of our pants and all other places of shelter, it struck me that to heat the end of this wire to a good white heat so as not to burn the cloth and draw it slowly along under the turned-back seams, and all such places,

would make it too hot to live for the old ones, and sure death for the nits which defy most everything, even hot water.

The result was so perfect and complete that I jumped up and down with joy and I had cleaned all my clothes (which of course would not require a trunk) in about three minutes. Then others saw it and it was soon, soon so often that I had a hard time finding it for my own use, but as fast as possible every soldier who got one of his own, until one would seldom see a soldier without one. I believe that I am within bounds when I say that hundreds of thousands of these simple little pieces of wire were in use at the close of the war.

If clothes are made about the same, and cooties and "graybacks" are the same, this is the quickest and most complete remedy ever found.

J. SCHNEER WELCH,  
Ex-Lieut. 10th and 6th N.Y. Artillery  
Houston, Texas.

## KENTUCKY SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I see you ask for suggestions as to an expression to be used instead of "Over the Top." Down in Kentucky I used to hear an expression, "Goin' out among 'em," which seems to me quite appropriate.

E. E. J.



## AMERICA IN FRANCE

## VI.—Lorraine

More than any other part of the land of the fleur-de-lis, Lorraine is "America in France." It was in Lorraine that American troops first entered the line in 1917. It was in Lorraine, north of Toul, that American troops first entered the line as fighting men, fit, trained and ready; and American troops have, since that October day in 1917, held some part of the Lorraine line.

Most of us—now that we are 1,500,000 strong, by far the larger part of us were still in the States then—can remember the thrill that went from coast to coast when the cables brought word that American and German had met in their first clash of arms. That clash, we now know, occurred in Lorraine.

The history of Lorraine as a territorial unit dates from 843, when the Treaty of Verdun divided the kingdom of Louis I, called the Pious, also the Debonair, among his three sons—who were also grandsons of Charlemagne—Lothair, Louis the German and Charles the Bold.

## French and German

There was considerable fighting before the partition was effected. Charles and Louis combined to do battle against their brother, and their alliance, made on their father's death in 1840, was renewed two years later in the famous Strassburg oaths. The fame of the Strassburg oaths is that, since the allied armies spoke different tongues, the covenant was written in both languages—the languages from which, going their different ways, have developed French and German.

The treaty of Verdun gave Lothair "the Middle Kingdom," an indefinite wedge of territory stretching from the North Sea to the Mediterranean along the valleys of the Rhine and the lower Rhine. To Louis went the region to the west, to Charles that to the east.

The treaty of Verdun, therefore, separated once and for all the three groups—Italians, Germans and Gallo-Franks—who had constituted the vast amalgam of lands and peoples of whose destinies the then tottering Carolingian dynasty had been supreme arbiter.

## Heritage of Wars and Woe

Lothair's kingdom speedily began to reap its heritage of wars and woe. It passed to Lothair's second son, Lothair II, and it was from this second Lothair that it derived its name—Lothair's Kingdom, Lothari Regnum, Lotharingia, Lorraine. This Lothair, instead of committing the typical Carolingian error of leaving too many children, went his forebears one better and left none. Lorraine was divided between his father's brothers, the two kings who had sworn to the Strassburg oaths. France and Germany were in process of evolution.

It is striking testimony to the turbulent character of the Europe of that day that, between 910 and 955, Lorraine was five times ravaged by Hungarian incursions. In the latter year the invaders were so badly defeated that they did not come again, and the country began to rise from its ruins.

Of all the invasions that have been visited upon Lorraine, before or since, perhaps none stands out in history so vividly as that led by Charles the Bold in 1477, when western Europe was still a mere collection of the Hundred Years' War, the war that brought Jeanne d'Arc out of Lorraine, brought her to the relief of besieged Orleans in 1429, and led her to the stake at Rouen in 1431.

## Nancy Is Besieged

Charles's only virtue was his boldness, and even that went too far. In his struggle, now crafty, now open, always bloody, against Louis XI—who was as far-sighted as a hawk from his stony and implacable enemy—he set as excellent an example of how to wage one kind of war as even the Kaiser could wish to follow.

In 1475 he made peace with Louis that he might seek game elsewhere. He had, however, invaded Switzerland, and was driven out in utter rout, lost two-thirds of his men in another battle, and then decided to retire to his castle. Two months later, as he was brooding over his plight, word came that the young Duke of Lorraine was besieging Nancy.

Thither, with the remnant of his army, went Charles. He arrived before Nancy to find that, three days before, the city had capitulated to his enemy. On January 5, 1477, a battle was fought near Nancy which witnessed the death of Charles and the dispersion of his already badly mauled army. His mangled body was found two days later on the muddy bank of a frozen brook. It was the death he deserved, perhaps it was the death he would have wished. By the young duke's orders, he was given an honorable burial.

## Name Linked With Alsace

It was during the days of Richelieu, the great churchman-statesman, whose name outshines that of his master (or servant), Louis XIII, that the name of Lorraine became first linked with that of Alsace. The cession of Alsace to France, officially marked in 1648, six years after Richelieu's death, by the treaty of Westphalia, ending the devastating Thirty Years' War, pushed the frontier of France eastward to its natural boundary, the Rhine.

Lorraine itself, however, did not cease to be a duchy and become part of France, until the death of Stanislas Leszczynski in 1766. Just how anyone named Stanislas Leszczynski came to be mixed up in the history of Lorraine or of France is more easily explained than might appear on the surface. Stanislas I, father-in-law of Louis XV, aspired to the Polish crown, was elected (for the Polish monarchy was elective) and was then refused recognition by Russia and Prussia. The Russians seized Warsaw, and Stanislas fled back to France, leaving his cause to collapse.

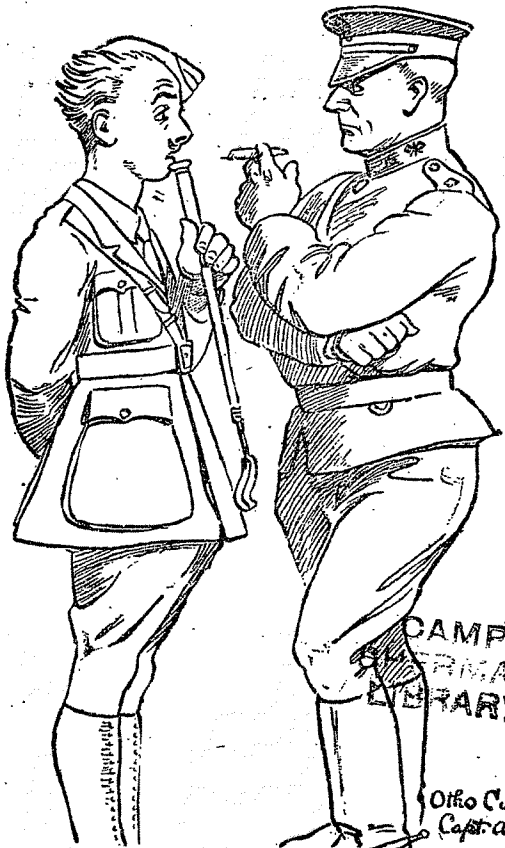
To compensate for the loss of Poland, he was granted the Duchy of Lorraine and the then duke, Francis, was given Tuscany, in Italy. But it is his province that on the death of Stanislas, Lorraine should be united in perpetuity to France.

## Perpetual—Until 1871

That perpetuity lasted, as all the world knows, until 1871. The treaty of Frankfurt, which ended the Franco-Prussian War and thereby marked down a date that belongs in any chronicle of the table of the war that began in 1914 ceded to Prussia, in addition to all of Alsace (the departments of Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin), the arrondissements of Metz, Thionville, Sarreguemines, Château-Salins and Sarrebourg—only a part of Lorraine, but a part rich not only in coal and iron, but in love for France. President Poincaré and Gen. Pétain are both natives of French Lorraine.

Lorraine has a language, rather patois, of its own, but that language is not German. In Lorraine they say "gémé" instead of "jumeau" (twin), "dell" for "dentelle" (lace), "coulage" for "courage" (courage), "not fromage" but they do not call it "Kase". They would if they were German.

## The C.O. Congratulates Young Airman on His Snappy Getup

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Capt. A.S.S.C.MEDICS ARE GRADED  
IN PROMOTION LIST

Age, Service, Hardships and Gallantry Count in Ratings

## MEN UNDER 31 HELD BACK

Older Officers Eligible for Advancement After One Year; Those of Draft Age Must Wait

The Chief Surgeon's office is doing all that can be done to accelerate the promotion of officers of the Medical Reserve Corps. On July 29 recommendations were sent in for the promotion of 98 officers serving with the British Expeditionary Forces, and on July 30 58 other officers were recommended.

In addition, it is stated that the policy adopted with regard to the promotion of M.R.C. officers will also be applied to the Dental Reserve Corps; and the Chief Surgeon is authorized to forward any recommendations for promotions which he believes should be made for the purpose of rectifying inequalities in grade due to mistakes in original appointments.

The policy governing Medical Reserve Corps promotions recognizes that several factors should be considered in determining the rank of a member of the medical profession coming into the Army in time of war. These factors are: self-denial, gallantry, efficiency or hardships, and length of professional experience. The second is length of active service. The third is the character of that active or military service, taking into consideration whether or not it has been distinguished by unusual self-denial, gallantry, efficiency or hardships, and length of professional experience.

C.O.'s Make Recommendations. In order to accumulate data for determining these factors in the case of every medical officer in line for promotion, commanding officers and senior medical officers are to furnish recommendations in the case of M.R.C. officers serving under them. With this exception, however, Officers under the draft age of 31 years will not be promoted except in special cases where they have rendered unusually distinguished service and have been more than a year on active duty.

All officers of the Medical Corps in Europe will be placed on a roster according to age in each grade. An officer's age will be determined by taking his actual age and adding four months for each month of service. All lieutenants whose actual age is above 31 and who have completed one year's service will be eligible for recommendation to be promoted to captain. In general, promotions will be according to seniority, as determined by the roster. Taking the number of first lieutenants in the Medical Reserve Corps in the A.E.F. as a basis, the number of officers in the grades of captain and major shall be determined by the proportion of one lieutenant to three and nine-tenths captains to one and seven-tenths majors—which is approximately the proportion between the same grades in the Regular Medical Corps, at the time of the passage of the Medical Reserve Law. The present recommendations for promotion to majorities embrace only those M.R.C. officers above the age of 40, and for promotion to captain, only those lieutenants above the age of 35, except in special instances.

## MUST GIVE NAME AND RANK

Letters of sympathy sent through the Central Records Office as all such letters must be—should contain the full name, rank and organization of the soldier to whom reference is made by the writers of the letters. This information need not be given in the body of the letter, so long as it is inclosed on a separate slip of paper. It is proper, for instance, to refer in the letter to "your son, Frank," but in that case the required information should be supplied for purposes of verification at the Central Records Office.

## NOT THE ARM'S FAULT

"What arm of the service is Gubbie's in?"  
"Search me, but if he's in it, it must be in a sling."

GOVERNMENT TO PAY  
FOR LOST PROPERTY

Fund of \$200,000 to Replace Destroyed or Captured Equipment

If you should happen to come to France on a transport that should get torpedoed or collided with, or suffered such other mishap as would sink it, or a lot of water into it, and if you should devote all your attention to saving the grand piano in the Mess Sergeant's Saloon, or the silver service in the Admiral's Pantry while your three pairs of socks and your suit and a half of O. D. underwear went by the board—all that happened, the Government would pay you or give you new equipment to replace what you had lost.

A fund of \$200,000 has been set aside for the purpose, so if your individual losses exceed that value, you're out of luck on the excess.

Claims to Be Honored. The Government will honor claims of officers, enlisted men and Army nurses for losses of required private property in case of sea disaster, destruction or capture by the enemy—or destruction to prevent capture—and "when it appears that such private property was lost or destroyed in consequence of an owner having given his attention to the saving of property belonging to the United States which was in danger at the same time and under similar circumstances."

Detailed regulations governing the procedure for settlement of such claims are given in a new G.I.F. bulletin 52, as presented in an act of Congress of March 28, 1918.

The act states that each claim for compensation will be forwarded through military channels to the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F., and, if possible, be accompanied by the proceedings of a board of officers showing fully the circumstances of the loss.

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RECRUITING PLANS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN

Service to Be Established by Commanding General of S. O. S.

## OBTAIN RETURN TO U.S.

Men of Military Age Must Volunteer, Be Drafted or Become Liable to British Army

A general recruiting service for the United States Army is to be established in Great Britain by the Commanding General, S.O.S. Stations will be established in such places as are deemed suitable for the purpose and officers and soldiers of the A.E.F. detailed to duty at these stations.

By the terms of the convention agreed to by the United States and Great Britain for the reciprocal military service of citizens of either country who may be in the other, all males citizens of the United States in Great Britain are required to do one of four things: Enlist in the U.S. Army, return to America for the purpose of military service, obtain a certificate of exemption from American diplomatic representatives in Britain (these will be issued to all American citizens outside of the draft age), or, having failed to do any of the above, become subject to compulsory service in the British Army unless exempted by British law.

## Whom Service Will Reach

The recruiting service, authorized by G.O. 129, will therefore reach the following classes of American citizens in Great Britain:

Those between 18 and 40 who want to volunteer.

Those of draft age—21 to 31, inclusive, at present—who elect not to return to the United States and there subject themselves to the operation of the draft law, but instead present themselves for enlistment before the expiration of 60 days after the exchange of ratification of the convention referred to above.

Those not subject to the draft law who later become liable to it and prefer not to return to America, and present themselves for enlistment within 30 days after the occurrence of their liability.

Those holding temporary or conditional certificates of exemption, who, when those certificates become inoperative, remain in Britain and present themselves for enlistment within 30 days.

Those who have applied for exemption, have been refused it, and present themselves within 30 days after the denial of exemption.

Applicants presenting themselves will be examined and, if found qualified, will be enlisted for U.S. Army only. They will be classified and assigned to such branches of the service as is deemed proper.

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OFFICER PRISONERS  
DO NOT GET SALUTE

Story That British Do It Just a Good Old Hun Yarn

English soldiers do not salute German officers who are prisoners of war. When English soldiers meet German officers who are not yet prisoners of war, they are too busy to bother about saluting them. The German officers, in that case, do the saluting by saying uncle and being marched off, or else light it out man to man, catch as catch can, rank distinctions blurred, and devil take the hindmost.

The story that British soldiers were compelled to salute German officers prisoners has spread through the A.E.F. with such persistence as to make it appear probable that enemy propaganda had something to do with getting the yarn going and keeping it in circulation. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that American soldiers don't salute German officers prisoners either.

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## SLOGGING ALONG, SINGING OUR SONG

The roads are thick with winter mud,  
Or deathly dry with summer dust—  
But music pulses through our blood—  
We'll conquer or we'll bust!

## The Army's Poets

The Army's Poets are its true interpreters. Through verse reaches the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES every week to fill a volume as thick as Browning's Complete Works. All of it can't be used, not even all of the best. The best simply has to be skimmed. By the best is meant, not the most rhetorical, the most polished, the most felicitously phrased verses. Many a poem printed in these recent tumultuous weeks has limped along on crutches and been linked together with highly questionable rhymes. Sometimes the little bits of awkwardness, before being printed, have been caught as well as might be without hurting the sentiment. Sometimes they have been allowed to stand. For the sentiment must not be touched. And it is sentiment—heart, if you care to call it that—that all of this verse possesses as a rare and precious gift. The Army's Poets are the spokesmen of the Army's soul. That soul speaks the same message whether it comes from base port or front line. It speaks the Army's longing and love for things and friends across the seas, of slum and cities and mud; it speaks the Army's determination to see this thing through, to keep at this bitter and glorious business of war until the high aims for which it is fighting are achieved, when the Army's Poets in unison shall interpret the Army's soul in a poem of victory.

## THE FIELDS OF THE MARNE

The fields of the Marne are growing green.  
The river murmurs on and on;  
No more the hail of mitrailleuse.  
The cannon from the hills are gone.

The header leads the sheep ahead,  
Where grasses grow and broken blades;  
And tall-womened women till the soil,  
O'er human mold, in sunny glade.

The splintered shell and bayonet  
Are laid in crumbling village walls;  
No soldier scans the rim of hills,  
No sentry hears the night bird call.

From blood-wet soil and smoldering trench,  
The flowers bloom in summer light;  
And farther down the vale beyond,  
The peasant smiles are sad, yet bright.

The wounded Marne is growing green,  
The gash of Hun no longer smart;  
Democracy is born again,  
But what about the wounded heart?

## IN OUR COMPANY KITCHEN

Don't sound to me the praises of Sousa's  
Famous band,  
Caruso, Galli-Curi, or such others in the  
land.  
No matter how much homage to these  
satisfies you being.  
They can't hold a candle to our cooks when  
they begin to sing  
In our company kitchen.

Why, I couldn't sit through a concert in  
the big Apollo Hall,  
Or listen to a harp trio at a famous Bill  
more hall.  
For when it comes to harmony, the kind  
for "back and wing."  
They're all back numbers compared to our  
cooks when they begin to sing  
In our company kitchen.

About a half-hour after mess when the line  
has just gone through,  
And they're cooking up some more chow,  
which is sure to be some stew,  
Amid the clatter of the tin, it's "Tip  
parry" that's the thing;  
Or "The Long, Long Trail" and it's har-  
mony when our cooks begin to sing  
In our company kitchen.

Then they "Sing the D. O. Old Kaiser,"  
and they warble "Over There."  
Then "Swing No. 100," or "Old Virginia,"  
which they sure jazz up for fun.  
Two whiskey tumors and a bass, and a  
K.P. singing lead.  
And we're glad for the better that they  
sing, the better is our food,  
In our company kitchen.

Sgt. Clifford T. Warner,  
Camp Hospital 16.

## ALLIES!

The French, the British, and the Portuguese,  
Captain, or colonel, or king though he be,  
Cross a salute in response to me,  
Back private in Uncle Sam's Infantry.  
There's much that a soldier's salute  
implies.  
But it means the most when it means  
"We're Allies."

In Belgium and France and Italy,  
They talk in ways that are Greek to me,  
But the speech of soldiers' courtesy  
Is a language France wherever you be.  
With a single gesture, I recognize  
That I am one of the Twenty Allies.

I never could tell just why it should be  
That the first salute should be up to me  
In this queer new army of democracy.  
But every commander must answer me,  
British, or French, or Indo-Chinese,  
Captain, or colonel, or king though he be,  
There's much that a soldier's salute  
implies.  
But it means the most when it means  
"We're Allies!"

MEADLEY V. HUGHES, Pvt. Inf.

## NGUOI ANNAM

He is leading his men over bushes and  
hills,  
He is making the dirt fly, somewhere in  
France;  
It may be a day and a half to the front,  
Though it might be wherever it hap-  
pened to chance.

An army of coolies, with backs bending  
fast,  
Who chatter to music of cat, low, and  
bang,  
Like water from bottles now gurgling a  
tune;  
And the uniforms glitter like part of the  
song.

The brown, little, black-haired Annamites,  
A stub of a nose and a slit for an eye,  
But a hand that can tilt with a valley or  
hill,  
Though hardly a one is a soldier high.

Ouh di dau, with your teeth stained  
black,  
Your wrinkled old faces that jolter so  
fast,  
Toi si lau, with your puff of labor,  
That makes you go hopping, dream-  
gossiping, past.

The corporal struts, in his miniature  
pride,  
Nguoi Annam is a colonel, at least,  
By his vagabond costume assembled from  
scores  
Of heroes of France that have long been  
deceased.

Of horizon blue are his leggings and  
blouse—  
The horizon, that day, was a glorious  
view!  
His breeches are khaki, his stripes without  
end,  
And his content hat is of native bamboo.

But he's leading his men over bushes and  
hills,  
Constructing a camp for the U.S.A.;  
With the lifting of shovels, the jingling of  
picks,  
The little brown army is fighting today.

Ouh di dau, with your shovels and  
picks,  
You're volunteers, at a frame a day.  
Thou loo, your pipeful's a pinch,  
O long, long puff and you hop away.  
Pvt. CHARLES DIVINE.

## OPEN WARFARE

Oh, I like to loaf at the evenings,  
Feasting me back against a tree,  
Surveying with critical pleasure  
Bombardments that ain't meant for me.  
Those curlywiggled cloudlets of shrapnel,  
Like me one in ten thousand gets you—  
They say one in ten thousand gets you—  
I'm due to see six thousand more.  
An' it's that a mile expressing  
Laments on his dolorous lot!  
Where-e-e bang! There's no mule, I'm guess-  
ing,  
Can kick like a whizzbanger shot.  
An' here comes a subway express train,  
An' it runs off its rails with a thump,  
An' a fountain of dust, dirt and debris  
Is all that remains to our dump.  
An' there goes a shot and an over  
And a left on Battery C—  
I'm glad we are enfiladed pretty,  
So the Hun doesn't know where we be.  
For witness that hole in the highway  
Where lately skeddaddled a truck—  
What's that?—woo-woo-woo-whung!  
Oh, hell! I'm going to die!  
F. M. H. D., F.A.

## "RETREAT" IN FRANCE

The bugle notes have thrilled the air and  
passed—  
A moment's pause, and then upon the  
blast  
The shrill defiance of the "Marsellaise."  
With screaming call, "To Arms!"  
That wakes in every freeman's breast  
A will to dare.  
For witness that hole in the awful test  
Of war's alarms.  
The fiery clash of steel rings in these notes,  
The clear-out challenge of ten million  
throats.  
The grim determination of a race  
To do or nobly die!

The stirring notes have ceased, and silence  
reigns.  
Then bursts upon the air the mighty  
trains.  
The national anthem of Columbia,  
Forthrightly Victor!  
That bids the freeman to observe the stars,  
To fling the gauge,  
To stem the rage  
Of foeman arrogant, who mars  
The fields of France.  
The hymn of art, but any,  
The dignity of peace when all are free,  
Voice of the glorious triumph of the right—  
The knell of "Tennyson!"  
C. H. T., Engineer (Ry.).

## YES—WE—WILL

When this old war is finished,  
And the lands of mud diminished,  
When the Kaiser and his roughnecks are  
but visions of the past,  
When underneath the Linden  
They hater-shake von Hinden,  
We'll all shed tears of sorrow that the  
triumph isn't lost.

## LISTEN

We'll all shed tears of sorrow  
If we're ordered home tomorrow,  
Yes, we will—YES WE—WILL.

When you see the bright lights shining  
Of the town for which you're pining,  
When you see Main Street's just the same as  
ever "twice before,"  
You'll say, "It's only a pity  
To see this good old city,  
And wonder why they couldn't have pro-  
longed this awful war."

## LISTEN

You'd wonder why it's over,  
WHY they MAKE you live in clover,  
Yes, you will—YES—YOU—WILL.

When you get the Boche retreating,  
After handing them a beating,  
We'll tell them, "We are sorry—forgive  
us, all soldiers do."  
For we really love the Kaiser,  
The crooked, sinful miser,  
We'll cheer for him in Berlin, when WE  
go marching through.

## LET ME TELL YOU

We'll hand him beaucoup money,  
And all kinds of milk and honey,  
Yes, we will—YES WE—WILL.

## THE MULESKINNER

He litters up when the day is fading,  
Two miles to a go-cart, which runs on  
two wheels.  
He litters on the rations, and off he goes  
leaving  
To the boys in the trenches; through the  
darkness he steals.

He can handle a mule like one who's a  
master.  
Of animals stubborn, ferocious, untamed,  
He can get his old mule into any old corner;  
He's just a muleskinner, for such he is  
named.

He can talk to his mules in a voice that's  
commanding:  
Not fascinating, sweet, mellow or low;  
But his word is the law; and the mules,  
unwittingly,  
Just throw up their ears and off they  
will go.

Two hours or more he jogs 'long the high-  
ways  
O'er shell holes, and rocks, and shrapnel  
gallop;  
Through shell-fire and gas he's on the job  
always.  
He's up and going and looking for more.  
Once over a road, he can always remember  
its bad spots, and puddles, and dangerous  
turns.  
He can tell in a jiffy the course of a  
whizzer.  
For there's no one who faster than a  
muleskinner learns.

The roads are the favorite spots for the  
minnies.  
To sight in the hope of getting our boys,  
And one who is skittish will sure get the  
Jimmies.  
From the bursting of shrapnel and deaf-  
ening noise.

Then in the blackness he hurls at the  
entrance  
Of camouflaged dugout, deep in the  
ground.  
They in the hole know not of his presence,  
For even the mules let out no sound.  
Here he waits for a carrying party  
To come from their shelters and take  
off the load.  
Here he greets them with words kind and  
sage;  
Once again he starts over the road.

There he sits, cool and collected,  
Directing his path with a touch of a rein;  
Back to his station his mules are directed—  
And in the corral he rewards them with  
a grain.

Then, of himself—for Nature compels it—  
He thinks, for the first time in all these  
hours,  
Sleepy and tired, he crawls in his blanket,  
Under a shelter, protected from shovels.  
Tough, hot, Another night passing!  
Somehow to him they all seem the same,  
Daylight comes creeping as he gets to  
sleeping—  
The muleskinner rests—to do it again.  
Sgt. ANDREW LAWRENCE GRINK.

## NEW ENGLAND AMBITIONS

The German hordes are coming on,  
Us Rubes will meet the Boche,  
And ere another day has gone,  
They'll know we're here, 'fugosh!

For though they number pretty strong,  
We hope they ain't all come,  
For then this scrap won't last so long,  
We'll chew 'em up, 'fugosh!

We'll show 'em that this gang of Rubes  
Will not give in to speech;  
We'll mix it with those German boobies,  
Then goodbye, Boche, by heck!

Then when at last the peace is made,  
They'll know that we're the ginks  
That put the Kaiser in the shade,  
New England guys, by jinks!

EDWARD L. MAZES, 2nd Lt. Engrs.

## THE WOODS CALLED ROUGE-BOUQUET

Dedicated to the memory of 19 members of Co. B, Infantry, who made  
the supreme sacrifice at Rouge-Bouquet, Forest of Parroy, France, March 7,  
read by the chaplain at the funeral, the refrain echoing the music of taps from a  
distant grove; written by Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, poet and newspaper  
man, killed in action near the Ourcq July 30. Sergeant Kilmer had volun-  
teered his services to the major of the foremost battalion because his own  
battalion would not be in the lead that day.

I.  
In the woods they call Rouge-Bouquet  
There is a new-made grave today,  
Built by never a spade or pick,  
But covered by earth ten meters thick.

There lie many fighting men,  
Dead in their youthful prime,  
Never to laugh or live again  
Or taste of the summer time;

For death came flying through the air  
And stopped his flight at the dugout  
stair,  
Touched his prey—  
And left them there—  
Clay to clay.  
He hid their bodies stealthily  
In the soil of the land they sought to  
free,  
And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear,  
Three valleys ring;  
And perhaps their brave young spirits  
hear:  
A will to dare—  
Nor fall not in the awful test  
Of war's alarms.

The fiery clash of steel rings in these notes,  
The clear-out challenge of ten million  
throats.  
The grim determination of a race  
To do or nobly die!

The stirring notes have ceased, and silence  
reigns.  
Then bursts upon the air the mighty  
trains.  
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The hymn of art, but any,  
The dignity of peace when all are free,  
Voice of the glorious triumph of the right—  
The knell of "Tennyson!"  
C. H. T., Engineer (Ry.).

## SEA STUFF

Now I'm a soldier, so I ain't  
No hand at art, but any,  
There's things at sea I'd like to paint  
Before I'm tucked away.

A cruiser on the sunrise track,  
Alert to find the morn,  
With every funnel belching black  
Into the red, gold dawn.

A line of transports, crazy lined,  
On blue-green waves adrift,  
That sink their bows, all spray and dewed,  
Hello! hello! in the straits.

A manned gun peering out to port  
As evening shadows close;  
Beyond a ship slipped up and caught  
Against a cloud of rose.

A crow's nest loomin' from below  
Across the Milt Way's bars,  
Just like a cradle rockin' slow,  
An' sing to by the stars.

No, I can't paint the things I've seen  
While we were passin' by,  
But, all the same, they sure have been  
Worth lookin' at, say I.

At sea—  
Pvt. SARGENT MARK EMERY,  
Co. A, — M.P.

## THE PRAYER OF THE THIRD PLATOON

The Third Platoon is a good one,  
And we thank our lucky stars  
That we had the best little lieutenant  
Who ever put on the bars.

The bars were of gold when he joined us,  
But he was so young and so bold  
That he was so young and so bold  
That he was so young and so bold.

He was smaller than most of the small  
ones,  
And the true he looked pretty young,  
But he showed his worth and his valor,  
Wherefore his praises are sung.

He was with us when we were rookies,  
He trained us to do squads right,  
And later, in this strange country,  
He led us into the light.

Of course, we are all down-hearted,  
For we loved our Jonnie well,  
And as long as he was with us,  
We would have chased the Boche through  
hell.

But we've fought quite a bit for our  
country—  
Some gave all a soldier owns—  
And now we don't ask for much, dear  
colonel.

But please, sir, send us our Teddy Jones,  
Third Platoon, Co. L — Inf.,  
(Pvt. I. D. B.).

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## MOTHER

And here's a line to Mother,  
The best of all the lot,  
With a simple little message,  
Just a sweet-forget-me-not.  
It's sent to her from some one,  
Scolded with a kiss of love,  
To wish her joy and comfort  
And blessings from above.

May it find her well and happy  
As the morn I went away,  
May it make her burden lighter  
As she works from day to day,  
May it chase away the wrinkles  
From her apt-to-worry brow,  
And keep that smile smiling  
Till we've finished up this row.

There's a brighter day coming  
For us, and those back home,  
We'll try to make her joy and happiness  
To smile us o'er the foam.  
And sights will be most wonderful  
As loved ones greet each other,  
But none will be so tenderly  
When Sonny meets his Mother.

## OVER THE TOP

The other day when we went over,  
Over the top and up the hill,  
We rushed through a field of wheat and  
clover,  
Where German guns did their best to kill.

'Twas broad daylight when we got orders  
To shove Fritz back toward his own  
borders.  
Our batteries stormed with shot and shell,  
And over we went with a mighty yell.

When the Huns saw us coming, they beat  
it quick,  
Except the machine guns, which were very  
thick.  
Some of the men on them couldn't run  
because they were chained to their guns  
to stay.

'T was great to see the boys go through—  
The Boche barrage got one or two—  
But no man faltered in his steady gait,  
And each one kept in touch with his mate.

Many of the Boche seemed very glad  
To surrender, and shouted "Kamerad!"  
Each man raised his hands over his head,  
And seemed surprised he wasn't shot dead.

Now that we've been over the top,  
We'll keep on going and never stop;  
We'll try to make Fritz pay his debts,  
For he can't face Yanks with bayonets.

'T was slightly wounded short time ago,  
wrote Sergeant Curtin in the letter  
accompanying this poem.

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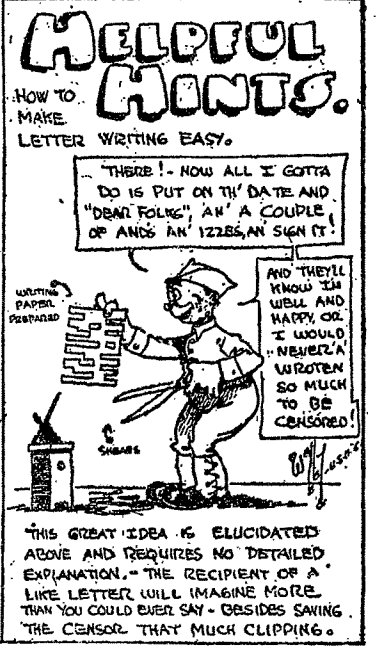
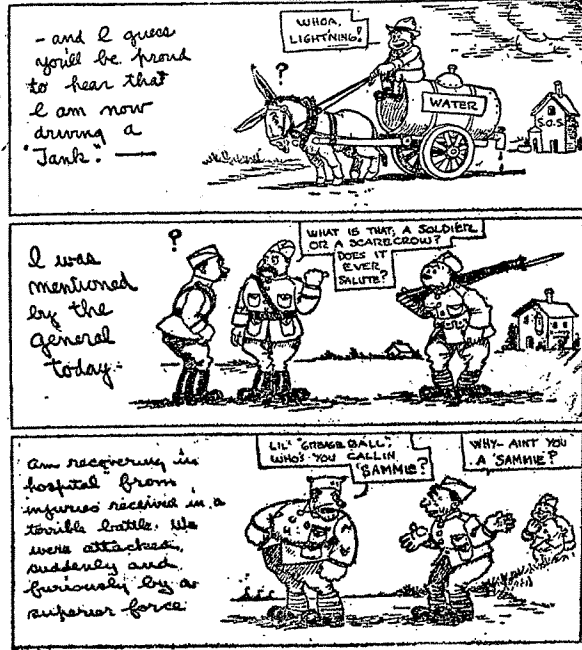
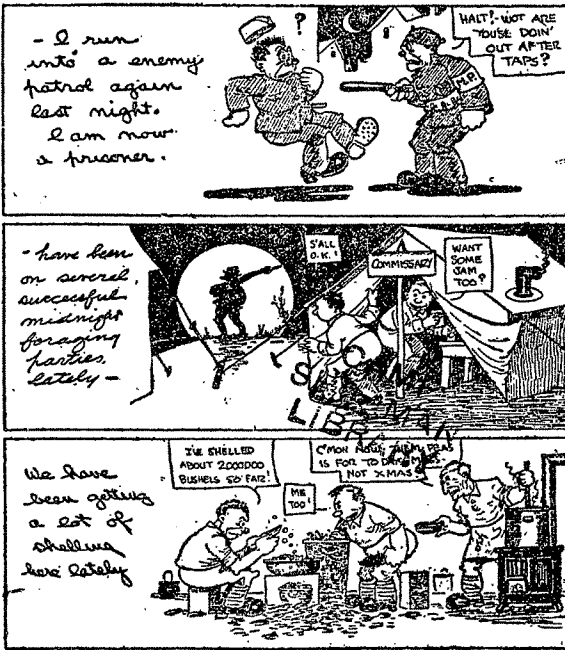
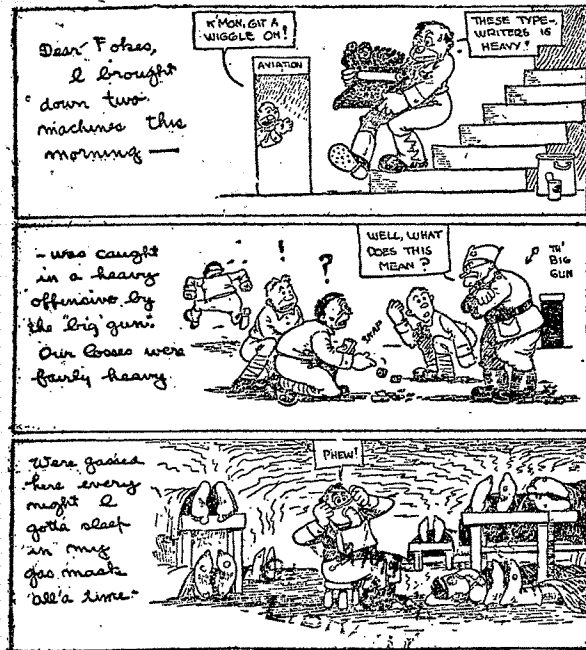
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## IT'S NOT WHAT YOU MEAN, IT'S WHAT THEY THINK —By WALLGREN



## ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT



Infantry going into action west of Château-Thierry in the lee of a ridge. [Signal Corps Photo.]

THE chaplains from two Yankee regiments that had stormed the slope above the Ourcq came wearily back at sundown from the task of burying their dead. They were two much uplifted men, and their eyes were shining as they made their brief but eloquent report.

"In all that battlefield," they said, "we found, without a single exception, that every one of those boys died crouching forward, died with his face toward Germany."

When, as happens often in the rush of open warfare, the airplanes are transformed into the most mobile of all artillery and sweep down to pour machine gun bullets into the unsheltered infantry of the enemy, they become targets for the crack rifle shot. A shot that reaches the head or heart of the low-flying assailant will do the trick.

The trick has been done a good many times. When, if ever again, there comes a lull in this bouncing war, it may be possible to assemble the data and announce how many German planes have been brought to earth this summer by Yankee rifles.

Or, better still, by Yankee riflemen, for on several occasions, officers and men at regimental and divisional headquarters dropped their work, grabbed up Boche rifles that had just been confiscated from prisoners and dashed out into the open to take a few pot shots.

A wounded officer from among the gallant French lancers had just been carried into a Yankee field hospital to have his dressing changed. He was full of compliments and curiosity about the dashing contingent that had fought at his regiment's left.

"A lot of them are mounted troops by this time," he explained, "for when our men would be shot from their horses, these youngsters would give one jumping jump and gallop ahead as cavalry. I believe they are your soldiers from Montezuma. At least, when they advanced this morning, they were all singing 'From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli.' 'C'est épatant, ça!'"

A former sergeant who had just been busted and who carried fresh in his mind the melancholy memories of a court martial, was lifted wounded from the ambulance at the field hospital. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Well," he said, "here's one stripe they can't take away from me, damn 'em."

The generation of American mothers that have trained their boys to care for their teeth as the people of no other country do would glow with pride if they could trek up in the wake of our Army in action and see the whole rear area dotted at sunrise with Yankee soldiers, just out of battle, and every man brushing his teeth. Often most of his possessions have been jettisoned in the rush of the advance.

And now abideth these three, the rifle, the shovel, and the tooth-brush. And the greatest of these—

Than Seringes, the village the Yanks captured on July 29, there is only one more battered town in all the area between the Marne and the Vesle. That is Vaux. Seringes had been held by the enemy for a good two months; his signs were on the buildings, his lettering on the guide-posts, his dead filled the village church yard. There the Yanks found buried many of the Boches who had died on July 15, the first day of the ill-starred offensive the Crown Prince wished he had never made. They had been carried back as far as Seringes and buried in a church yard which the Germans never dreamed they would have to give up. "Hier ruht..." "Es sterben fürs Vaterland" and so on. Of the church, only a shell is left, with two cherubs hanging uncertainly over the shattered altar and, as though still quickened by the vibrations of the guns that thundered there a little time ago, the altar-lamp swinging to and fro above the desolation.

There is no room in this or any other paper to list all the runners who distinguished themselves in the Second Battle of the Marne, but one name shall be set down because the name is Irish Stock, and he is—

How perplexing, sometimes, is the runner's task in the war of movement you can guess from the fact that one regimental P.C. just south of the Ourcq moved three times in one day—three moves within the area of a single, heavily shell village. They were wise moves, for each of the abandoned headquarters was destroyed by gunfire—one two hours, one half an hour, one 15 minutes after the colonel had moved on.

One regiment, in the first swift advance of General Mangin's Army, got part of a night's rest in a forest. Their own general, speeding past them at daybreak, noticed that every man had seized the breathing spell not only to sleep but to wash, brush up and shave.

They looked snappy in the morning sunlight. The general said nothing, but his eyes gleamed his appreciation. He is tremendously proud of them. He ought to be.

He was a battling boxer from South Boston before the war and somewhere between Soissons and Rheims, the Germans shot him through the chest. He was being carried from the regimental aid station in a litter when he spied another wounded man from his company lying to one side waiting his turn. The boxer raised such an uproar that they had to let him get off and try to walk while his pal was carried back. The doctors said it would be impossible for him to walk. He walked.

At a battered street corner of a badly demolished French town an American captain stood watching three American doughboys swinging up the road.

"Here comes the greatest men in the world," he said, "just the plain, everyday privates. They are the gamest lot I ever saw. Why, I almost cry every time I think of these kids."

"See those three coming up? Well, if a German regiment should turn the corner and start their way, do you suppose they would break and run? Not an inch. They'd stand right where they are, unsling their rifles and begin firing, killing all they could until the last one of them was shot down."

"I know, for I've seen them do things that took just as much nerve. You can't beat 'em anywhere."

During the German retreat the enemy's last rearward action was made by hostile planes that flew back over the American lines.

One of these planes was flying over a big field in the direction of a French town where American troops were stationed. At the edge of this town an American machine gunner had his machine well camouflaged, waiting for just such a target. Just as the German flyer got half-way across the field, the American opened fire from his hidden position. "Did you get him?" his captain asked a trifle later.

"No, sir," answered the gunner, "but I must have saved him a bit, because he dropped all three of his bombs together out in this vacant field and beat at back about as fast as a bullet could travel."

Another German plane, swooping around a farmhouse, was startled and soon driven away by very accurate rifle fire. At least the firing was accurate enough to convince Fritz that he was in no safe neighborhood.

But he didn't know that the rifle was being handled by a lieutenant colonel in the American Army, who, enraged at the audacity of the hostile birdman, grabbed the weapon and soon had the "supremacy of the air" in that particular locality well under control.

One lieutenant found the full meaning of the famous phrase, "The command is 'Forward.'"

While serving in the advance, he received official notification that he was to report for a certain duty back in the S.O.S. He had found no great trouble in moving forward for over a week. But in starting back he was forced to wait around in the rain with his bedding roll all ready for nearly three days before he could locate any sign of a conveyance leading to the rear.

An Artillery officer, who had been a fairly well-known golfer and a keen enthusiast back home, was looking out across a rolling plain that only recently had been heavily pounded by heavy shell fire.

"I've seen some well-trapped courses," he said, "but I must say this is the best bunker course I've ever run across. There's a pit every 20 feet. Par here must be about 200."

A heavy rain was beating down upon a woods where an American company was resting. It was just after daybreak when an observer, walking by, looked in. The rain was pouring and the trees were dripping a young flood, but every member of the company was still sleeping, dry as dust, for each squad had built itself a canopy from innumerable square boxes that had been discovered in this section.

"Where did they happen to find these boxes?" some one asked.

"German ammunition left behind," was the reply. "Every box you see is full of German rifle bullets. They make the greatest little rain sheds in the world."

Frine is his name. At least that is the corruption of an Italian moniker which the top sergeant found too difficult to decipher. He wrote it Frine, for short. The boys in Company B, Inf., call him Friday.

body pays a great deal of attention to them. But Friday got his chance, and made the best of it.

His company was held up by a German machine gun, mounted in a tree. The company had halted and was beginning to maneuver to flank the Boche. The method apparently seemed too slow for Friday. Or his brain may have been a bit feverish and sized up the situation from a warped viewpoint, for he already had two bullets in his left shoulder. He had been told to go to the rear, but he held doggedly on. He hadn't got his Boche yet.

Before anyone realized what was happening Friday was up and moving at a rapid gait straight at the tree supporting the Germans, while the gun barked at him. He never faltered, and he reached the tree without further hurt. Under it he fired his pistol twice.

(He had left his automatic rifle behind when he made the dash, for the 15 pounds of it do not facilitate speed.) One German reeled over, and the other was only too willing to yell "Kamerad."

Down he came, juggling the Maxim, and was marched back to the company by Friday. Company B resumed its advance, and Private Frine was now willing to go to the rear.

He had got his Boche.

Three Yanks found themselves in a shell-hole 50 yards from a German machine gun. Two of them had painful head wounds. They were so thirsty they were choking.

It was up to someone to get out and cut the canteens from two good Germans who lay between the shell-hole and the machine gun.

"You stay here," said the old regular to his bunkie, "because you've got a wife. I'm going to pray and go out and get that water."

The fire flew from the clump of bush as he drew near the coveted canteen, but it flew high. He got back safe with the water.

## FUSE TO BEAT SOCIALISTS

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Tammany and the Republicans have fused in four New York City districts to beat the Socialist candidates for Congress.

The fight will be directed especially against Representative Meyer London and Morris Hillquit.

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## LONG HOSPITAL WAIT UNDER OFFICIAL BAN

Disabilities Must Be Disposed of in Two Weeks or Reason Given

"If you've been wounded so badly that your case is considered fit to come before a disability board, or if you've been 'just plain wounded' and classified A, B, C, or D, you won't have to wait around in hospitals or classification camps as long as has sometimes been the case. New instructions to commanding officers of hospitals lay stress on the necessity of prompt action of disability boards, and for the early disposition of cases that have been classified."

In order to find out the length of time that men recommended to disability boards for classification remain in hospitals without having their cases acted on, commanding officers of base hospitals are directed to send to the Chief Surgeon a weekly report of all such cases as have been recommended for disability boards' action, but which have remained in hospitals for two weeks without the completion of board proceedings.

This report is to be forwarded every Saturday and will contain in each instance the reason for delaying the man's classification. It will also show the record of every man who has been classified by a disability board, and who has not been disposed of one way or another within two weeks of the board's recommendation.

## HEROISM MAY WIN BARS AS AT SCHOOL

C-in-C. Defines "Unusual Cases" for Promotion of Men Not Candidates

When G.O. 32, outlining the plan of the Army Candidates' School, was issued, it was stated that only in "very unusual cases" would men other than graduates of that school be recommended for commissions in certain branches.

The term "very unusual cases" is now defined by the Commander-in-Chief in Bulletin 53 to mean cases in which a soldier shows not only extraordinary heroism in the face of the enemy, but also exhibits at the same time qualities of leadership which clearly indicate that he is of suitable officer material.

## DARKEST GOTHAM NOW

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The Fuel Administration announces that the first lightless night in the borough of Manhattan, New York, saved 100 tons of coal. It adds that the saving will be still greater in winter.

Estimates are that lighted signs in Manhattan alone eat up 40,000 tons annually. The national saving by eliminating illuminated signs would be more than a million tons of coal a year.

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## CHOW

### THE CHANT OF THE A.E.F.

We've helped to sweep them from the Marne.  
And send them on the way:  
We've helped to nail them at the Ourcq.  
And spoil their pleasant day:  
We've swung along the open road  
And hammered at their line,  
And now we're out to bring 'em,  
To bring 'em on the Rhine.

We've hammered at them night and day  
Along a bloody trail:  
We've helped to throw their legions back  
Across the river Vesle.  
We've staggered along and jogged along  
Through shadow and through shine,  
And now we're out to bring 'em,  
To bring 'em on the Rhine.

An old refrain, we know it well  
From childhood's golden years:  
And since we've heard it first we've seen  
Our share of blood and tears:  
But still it lingers in our souls,  
The while our rifles shine,  
As we go forth to bring 'em,  
To bring 'em on the Rhine.

Some one made a remark up around the front line about "after the war."  
"Six on that 'after the war' stuff," cut in a mate, "it's a fact the Hun's now. That's all that goes here."

"The shadows are gathering around us," says a Berlin paper. And only a few umbrellas left.

Mexican war veterans are now at work on a new song entitled, "From the Rio Grande to the Rhine."

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